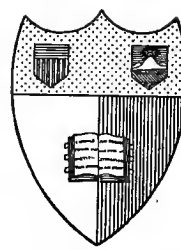
Pilgrim Songs

Henry Weston Frost



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PILGRIM SONGS

Chas. M. Mason
3/19/15

PILGRIM SONGS

VERSES FOR CHRISTIANS

BY

HENRY WESTON FROST

"Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord"

MORGAN AND SCOTT LTD.
(OFFICE OF The Christian)
12, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS
LONDON MCMXI

DEDICATION

IT was not given me to pluck those flowers,
Which grow within the palace-garden fair,
Blooming beside the winding, sunlit paths,
And shedding fragrance on the balmy air;
These were reserved for better hands than mine.
For men, who nobler serve their Lord, the King,
That they may come in worthier way than I,
In making Him their love's heart-offering.
And yet the Master granted me to pluck
Those wilder flowers, which, in the meadow wide—
Outside the garden—grow in hidden parts,
In verdant mead, or by the cool brook's side:
These have I gathered for my Master-Lord,
In willing toil, with earnest, tender hand,
And these I bring to Him, wild as they are, and small,

Mixed in with thorns, and tied with weedy strand ;
For love's sweet gifts are not for e'er to be,
Full valued by the sense of smell and sight,
And He who reckons love the sweetest thing,
Will in this gift of mine take some delight ;
And so unworthy as my gift must be,
Unworthy as I am to give at all,
I place it in the hands of Him I serve,
As suppliant at His blessèd feet I fall :—
Then take, dear Master-Lord, this gift of mine,
These common flowers from out Thy meadow fair ;
I give them Thee with all my heart's best love,
To mix their hue and scent with flowers more rare !

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PILGRIM SONGS

SPRING SONG

"All Thy works praise Thee."

BREATHE, birds, thy sweetest songs,
Take, fields, thy brightest sheen,
Fair as the morn appears
The coming of earth's Queen.

Each weed and flower feels
New thrills of her sweet grace,
Hid springs and brooks reflect
The beauty of her face;

And human hearts are filled
With light of joy and love,
From thee, O Queen below,
To Thee, O King above!

1881

NIGHT SONG

" *Thou makest darkness, and it is night.*"

FROM the glare of noontide
Day now seeks its rest,
Hiding sunset blushes
On Night's loving breast;

And the stars in heaven,
Opening wide their eyes,
Watch in faithful guarding,
Till the morning's rise.

Sweet and deep contentment
From the night wind flows;
Hearts forget their sorrows,
Tired eyelids close.

Welcome, blessèd nightfall;
May thy sweet release
Bring to all the weary
Thoughts of heav'n's peace!

1881

TRAVELLER'S SONG

"*He giveth His beloved sleep.*"

O WANDERER, lost on the mountain bare,
Wearily treading ways rough and steep,
Borne on the breath of the midnight air,
This voice shall enter thy soul's despair—
God giveth His belovèd sleep.

O mariner, tossed on the raging sea,
When hope lies drowned in the waters deep,
And naught avails but the bended knee,
The storm shall whisper these words to thee—
God giveth His belovèd sleep.

1882

BIRD SONGS

"The time of the singing of birds is come."

AT morn's first dawning-tide, I heard
The birds breathe forth their waking song,
And I for ever would prolong
The praise which in my heart was stirred.

Through all the sunny hours of day,
Their voices praised for every good;
Oh that my heart, unfailing, could
Accord as well its thankful lay!

The daylight passed; eve's holy calm
Fast deepened into darker night;
But, from the midst of fading light
Uprose the birds' sweet even-psalm.

So would I ever, ever sing,
As free, as full, as true a song;
Alike through trial, sorrow, wrong,
May praises from my heart upspring!

1883

MY CHOICE

" I have chosen the way of truth."

LET who will in lordly splendour,
Ride through highways, fair and broad ;
I would, humbler, choose the byway,
And there serving, walk with God !

1883

THE LORD'S DAY

"In the Spirit on the Lord's day."

SWEET day of Christ; earth's perfect peace,
Blest token of the yonder life;
From thy bright light, man's sinful strife
Flees far, and bids earth's darkness cease.

Calm of the soul, storm-tossed and driven,
Through days of doubt and dark despair;
Sweet promise that the nearing There
Will bring the calm of sins forgiven.

Then peace, my soul; thy turmoil still;
Put far away the troubled mind;
In this day's holy quiet, find
The rest which heaven will fulfil!

1882

FAME

"The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

WHO stoops to trace his name upon the sands
May rise to see it vanish as he stands;
Who cuts his name upon the firmer clay
May hope to see it last a single day;
Who carves his name upon the harder stone
May find it there until new moss has grown;
Who leaves his name upon the heart of man—
Give time of ending, whosoever can!

1883

TO A FRIEND

(WITH A COPY OF RELIGIOUS POEMS.)

AS birds in summer teach their wee-fledged
things,
By many a flutter and oft sounded call,
To mount the nest and dare a weakling's
fall,
That, after, they may soar on strengthened
wings;
So may these thoughts of pure and guiding
song,
In earnest call to dare the right endeavour,
Uplift thy soul into the great for ever
Of highest purpose, made by action strong.

1883

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD

"*Our Lord Jesus, that Great Shepherd of the sheep.*"

THERE is a Shepherd standing
Close by the open door,
Because of whose abiding,
The sheep shall fear no more;

Who, when the morning cometh,
Calls to His own, by name,
And leading, cheers the feeble,
And stoops to bear the lame.

Guiding to pleasant pastures,
Where cooling waters flow,
And leafy trees cast ever,
Shade on the grass below;

He watches, always closely,
Lest one too far should stray,
Or prowling beast should carry
Even a lamb away.

Then, when the night draws nearer
Bringing the damp and cold,
He leads His sheep a-weary,
Back to the shelt'ring fold;

Where through the calm of starlight,
Or through the tempest's roar,
The faithful Shepherd, guarding,
Stands by the open door.

1883

A MOTHER'S REVERIE

"Can a woman forget her child?"

(TO OUR FIRSTBORN CHILD, ELLINWOOD.)

BREATHE, breathe, O blessèd breeze,
Bring the cold earth glad summer's heat and showers,
Bring song of birds and hum of busy bees,
Bring early blossoms and the fragrant flowers;—
Yet thou canst nothing bring so sweet and fair
As my dear Baby's beauteous face and hair!

Cease, cease, O cheerless cloud;
Hide 'neath the hills which guard the eastern view,
Leaving no shrèd, torn from thy trailing shroud,
To gloom the fair expanse of sunlit blue;

Yet not above is there such blue as lies
In the sweet heaven of my Baby's eyes!

Shine, shine, O sparkling sea;
Flash the bright jewels on thy heaving breast;
Or, stilled to peace, all calm and silent be,
A glowing pathway to the golden west;—
Yet fairer, sweeter, purer far, the while,
Is the bright glory of my Baby's smile!

Guard, guard, O gracious God;
Guard Thou my Babe, my precious Babe, and me;
Make strong his feet to walk paths yet untrod,
Keep calm my heart, whate'er his lot may be;
So, if Thou ask of me Thy gift again,
I'll yield my Babe, and yielding, not complain!
1883

LONGINGS

"*Dearly beloved and longed for.*"

(TRANSLATION OF HEINE'S POEM, "THE PINE-TREE.")

A PINE-TREE stands forsaken, all alone,
Upon yon far-off, tow'ring, vasty height,
And murm'ring, chilled to heart by winter's blight,
Trembles and trembles, by the rude winds blown;
Sweet dreams of love keep the cold tree from death,
Dreams of a Palm-tree in the orient land—
Ah, on a rocky cliff, in burning sand,
The Palm-tree pants to feel the Pine-tree's breath!

1884

THE BRIDE AND THE BRIDEGROOM

"I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine."

I AM the bride; and the Bridegroom
Is my own, my well-beloved One;
I slept; but He found me, and kissed me,
I awoke, like a flower in the sun;
Since then I have loved my Belovèd;
He loved me before—for He chose;
And though like the black tents of Kedar,
He called me His lily, His rose.

But, alas! I lost my Belovèd;
He went where I did not dare go;
Yet I stood afar off, and I watched Him,
I saw His side rent and blood flow;

Then I came, and I took Him and laid Him
In a tomb, which I closed with a stone,
And oh, the long anguish and weeping,
As I stood there without, left alone!

At morn, while the sun was yet rising,
Early, the first day of the week,
I came to the tomb bearing spices,
As sweet as the flower of His cheek;
And lo! the stone was rolled backward;
I hastened, I looked—He was gone!
Within, where He lay, was an angel,
In garments as bright as the dawn.

I scarce can recall all that happened,
I scarcely knew all in my pain;
But this I remember—I saw Him,
I saw my Belovèd again.

I clung to His feet and I worshipped,
He spake as in days that were past,
And oh, how my heart burned within me !—
I thought I possessed Him at last !

I thought I had found Him for ever,
To keep Him, to hold Him, my own ;—
Ah me ! while sweetly communing,
He blessed me, and left me alone ;
Uprising, still blessing, yet rising,
E'er higher and higher He went ;
My soul longed to follow—I could not ;
Like a bird in a cage, I was pent !

So now, I wait here in the darkness,
While He dwells above in the light ;
And yet, though not seeing, I love Him,
And I seek to serve Him aright ;

For I live in the hope of His coming
And to have His smile in that day;
Oh, gladly I'll meet Him and greet Him
And be with my loved One for aye!

I am the Bride; and the Bridegroom,
Is my own, all tender and true;
He knows what it is to stand waiting,
At night, with His locks wet with dew;
He will keep His tryst with me, some day,
He will call me, and make me His own;—
O hasten, Belovèd, my Bridegroom,
And take Thy lone Bride to Thy Home

1887

REST

"I will give you rest."—"Ye shall find rest."

(THE SONG OF A CONVERTED MENDICANT MONK.)

AT rest in Jesus! Weary feet
Shall toil no more through mart and dusty street
In works of penance, while in grave-clothes bound;
Thrusting unholy steps on holy ground!

At rest in Jesus! Ah, my heart,
How oft in works of merit thou didst start
To find that self-done deeds in ashes fell
Consumed within by some swift flame of hell!

At rest in Jesus! Nevermore
To con the weary lesson o'er and o'er;—
The lesson learned; behold, I find my rest,
My head laid down upon my Saviour's breast!

At rest in Jesus! As I stand,
His smile lets fall the light of glory-land;
Before—myself and sin! O Christ, 'tis sweet
To rest on Thee, and so find rest complete!

At rest in Jesus! Now I go
Through mart and dusty street, not fast, nor slow;—
I walk with Christ at rest; in Him I've found
The right to humbly serve on holy ground!

1887

LORD JESUS, COME

"Surely, I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

WEARY of earth, and longing to be free,
Upward I look, and wait, dear Lord, for Thee,
Hark to my cry, and answer this my plea;—
E'en so, Lord Jesus, do Thou quickly come!

I do not doubt Thy love, Thy care Divine,
Peace, joy, communion, all in Thee are mine,
But here on earth, for sin I e'er repine;—
E'en so, Lord Jesus, do Thou quickly come!

Strengthened by Thee, I press through every fray,
Thou art my Shield and Refuge day by day,
Yet long and rough and weary is the way;—
E'en so, Lord Jesus, do Thou quickly come!

Blest is the Spirit's tender comforting,
Yea, by His power, to Thee my praise I sing,
But oh, to see Thee, Thou who art my King;—
E'en so, Lord Jesus, do Thou quickly come!

Haste then, dear Lord; I long and wait for Thee,
Come for Thine own, that I Thy face may see,
And at Thy side, may dwell eternally;—
E'en so, Lord Jesus, do Thou quickly come!

1887

A BATTLE SONG

" Our wrestling is . . against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places."

SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise!
See, the foe is in the skies,
Powers of darkness, Satan led,
'Gainst the Cross, where Jesus bled;
Lamb of Calvary is He—
He must have the victory!

Soldiers of the Cross, arise!
Lo, the host advancing flies,
Gird yourselves with breast-plate, shield,
Helmet, all; prepare to wield
Sword of Spirit—Word of God—
For the path which Jesus trod!

Soldiers of the Cross, arise!
Jesus on our love relies,
Ours to trust when dangers lower,
His the strength and His the power,
His to lead us and command,
Ours to follow and to stand!

Soldiers of the Cross, arise!
Hark our mighty Captain cries:—
"Forward, fear not, trust, be strong,
Right will yet o'ercome the wrong;
This your watchword ever be—
'Conquering Lamb of Calvary!'"

Soldiers of the Cross, arise!
Jesus lives, no longer dies,
Once the Cross, but now the Throne,
He will ne'er forsake His own,
Ours to follow Him, till He
Claims the blood-bought victory!

1888

LONGINGS FOR CHRIST

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

JESUS, Saviour, I would be
Ever holy, like to Thee;
Free from sin of every kind,
In Thy purity confined.

Jesus, Saviour, by Thy power,
Cleanse and keep me, hour by hour;
This my longing, and my plea —
Make me more and more like Thee!

Jesus, Saviour, by Thy grace,
Show me thus Thy lovely face;
Naught between, the veil away,
Let me gaze on Thee alway!

Jesus, Saviour, in Thy love,
Bring me to Thyself above
With Thee, like Thee, to abide,
Face to face, and satisfied !

1893

MY COMING LORD AND KING

"*The coming of the Lord draweth near.*"

I HEAR the footsteps falling
Of my approaching Lord,
They echo all along the King's highway,
He cometh forth to meet me,
According to His word,
To lead me up the heights of endless day.

Dost hear His stately stepping,
As thus He moves along?
As Conqueror of all He draweth near;
The victory He has taken,
He sings the triumph song,
In anthem notes resounding loud and clear.

Upon His raven tresses—
Eternal is His strength—
The flashing, royal diadem is worn,
He cometh to His kingdom
As King of kings, at length,
'Tis meet that He should thus His brow adorn.

He has the robes upon Him
Which mark His kingly line,
Of David's royal lineage He has come;
His banner floats above Him—
The "Lion" is its sign—
Ablaze with glory brighter than the sun.

And oh, transcending all things—
The beauty of His face!
'Tis this which makes the angels fall and cry,
For there the strength of Godhead
And human form and grace
In sweet, eternal union meet and lie.

Ah, this is my Belovèd,
My glorious Lord and King,
Whose footsteps echo down the King's high-way;
For Him, I listen, waiting,
That He may come and bring
My soul within the realms of perfect day.

Then haste Thee, O Belovèd,
My coming Lord and King,
Haste, haste and claim Thy glory and Thy power!
And while I'm waiting for Thee,
Accept the praise I bring;
And keep me waiting, praising, hour by hour!

1893

CHINA'S DYING MILLIONS

" Having no hope, and without God!"

(AFTER ATTENDING A HEATHEN FUNERAL IN CHINA.)

HARK, there comes the sound of crying,
Borne across the restless sea,
China's countless millions, dying,
Moan in hopeless agony ;
Moan on moan, with none to pity—
So they die, eternally !

Lo, the priests are chanting, chanting,
Endless prayers in monotone,
While, like demon-spirits, haunting,
Hired mourners wail and moan ;
Incense burns, while souls are dying—
But these ne'er for sins atone !

See, the shrines are dimly lighted,
Hear the mourners' measured tread,
Past the chant for souls affrighted,
Now the worship for the dead;—
Vain is all that man can offer
For the souls for which Christ bled!

So the countless millions, passing,
Go beyond this earthly light;
So the countless millions, massing,
Enter death's eternal night;—
So the days go by, and going,
End our time of doing right!

Christ is coming! Judgment awful
Waits the souls which die in sin;
Christ is coming! Judgment lawful
Will with Church of Christ begin;—
Rouse, ye saints! arise, deliver;
They will shine who souls shall win!

1895

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord!"

I.

OUT of the depths, O Lord,
I cry to Thee;
Oh, let me hear Thy word
Restoring me!

Farther and farther still,
My feet have strayed,
Downward and downward, till,
I'm sore afraid.

The way has darker grown,
And ills betide;
I wander all alone,
With none to guide.

Darting through chilling air,
The lightnings flash ;
And, following fearful glare,
Loud thunders crash.

Beneath are chasms deep,
And all about,
Dread demons dart and leap,
And laugh and shout.

I try to pray—but fears
Quench prayers in death ;
My only prayers are tears
And bated breath ;

But, from my stricken heart,
Goes up a cry
To Thee, O Lord, who art
Watching on high.

Out of the depths, O Lord,
I cry to Thee;
Make speed to help afford,
And succour me;

II.

Out of the depths I cried
To God on high;
He in His mercy wide,
Brought mercy nigh;

For, from His throne above,
In power and might,
Fell the blest words of love:—
"Let there be light!"

None heard save I alone,
But on my soul,
Quivered the mighty tone,
Like anthem-roll;

And from the darkness broke,
Before my sight—
As the first morn awoke—
The glory-light.

Lifted from dread abyss
By mighty Hand,
I stood where sunbeams kiss
The grass-clad land;

Where streams flow soft and still,
And flowers bloom,
The balmy air to fill
With sweet perfume;

Where songs of birds are heard,
In tuneful lays,
And grateful hearts are stirred
To fervent praise.

Gone was my sorrow now,
And all my fears ;
Smoothed was the troubled brow,
And dried my tears.

Now, prayer was breathed once more,
My sins confest,
And could its love out-pour,
In freedom blest.

Ah, the communion deep !
And oh, the bliss !
No heart could ever keep
A joy like this !

Praise upon praise I sang,
In notes prolonged,
'Till list'ning echoes rang,
With praises thronged.

Forgiven and restored,
'Twas meet to bring,
To Him whom I adored,
My offering.—

Out of the depths I cried
To God on high;
He in His mercy wide,
Brought mercy nigh.

1895

COMFORTED

"*The God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation.*"

AS a fond mother, when the daylight fades,
And evening deepens into shadowy night,
Soothes her tired child, within the gath'ring shades,
By lullaby, and her sweet presence bright;

So God our Father, in His wondrous grace,
When shadowing sorrows cover all our sky,
Draws near with tender word and shining face,
And calms our fears, while in His arms we lie.

Then, O my Father, I would ever choose
Whatever grief or pain Thou sendest me;
Better o'erwhelming sorrows than to lose
The joy of being comforted by Thee!

1895

"SHUT IN"

"*I, therefore, a prisoner in the Lord.*"

AFTER A YEAR OF SICKNESS IN CHINA.)

I.

SHUT in; a prisoner;
Within four walls confined;
Counting the weary hours
Of days and nights combined.

Shut in; enclosed around;
Sick, helpless, and alone;
In pain and suffering,
Each sigh almost a moan.

Shut in; in idleness;
No duties to fulfil;
Served, but not serving now;
My service to lie still.

II.

And is there naught beside?
Ah yes, thrice blessed word;
Shut into Jesus Christ,
"A prisoner in the Lord."

Shut into palace fair,
With walls of radiant light,
Where days all golden are,
And there is never night.

Shut in where music is,
And there is deepest peace,
Where love for e'er abounds,
And joys for e'er increase.

Shut in where there's no fear,
And naught of earth's alarms,
Where there's unbroken rest,
In everlasting arms.

Shut in? Yes, all shut in,
Whatever ill betide;
Shut into Christ, my Lord,
And oh, so satisfied!

1895

FOR ME

"*Who gave Himself for me.*"

ON Calvary's cross my Saviour died,
With piercèd hands, and feet, and side;
For me He was the crucified;
Even, for me!

He lay within the fast-closed tomb,
And entered Hades' prison gloom;
He bore for me this death and doom;
Even, for me!

He rose triumphant o'er the grave,
And by His high ascension gave
The proof for me that He would save;
Even, for me!

Enthronèd at His Father's side,
A Priest for ever to abide,
He prays for me, whate'er betide;
Even, for me!

For me He gave the Spirit's dower,
That I might have His mighty power,
And live to serve Him every hour;
Even, for me!

Soon He will come, and I shall be
With Him for all eternity;
Yea, He will come for even me;—
Even, for me!

1895

SURRENDER

"Not my will, but Thine be done."

IT is Thy right to choose, my blessèd Lord,
All that I have is Thine, and Thine alone;
Whatever Thou wilt ask, at Thy dear word,
That will I give, to be indeed Thine own.

If Thou wilt take from out my weary life
Something on which I lean for peace and rest,
Accept it, Lord; my heart shall know no strife—
I leave with Thee to judge the right and best.

Or, if Thou think my joys too much of earth,
And Thou wouldst have them found more oft in heaven,
Take from me, Lord, pleasures of lesser worth,
And to my soul let holier joys be given.

And if, perchance, some precious gift of Thine
Needs to be lifted from my clinging love,
Take even this, and fix this heart of mine
For e'er and only on Thyself above!

Ah, Lord, I trust Thee! Thou wilt never take
Aught from my life but what my life should give;
Choose what Thou wilt; that choice I too will make
And in my death to self learn how to live.

1895

MY LORD AND KING

"*Lord of lords, and King of kings.*"

JESUS, my Lord and King,
To Thee my gift I bring,
Worthy, Thou art;
Finding in Thee my rest,
In Thee supremely blest,
I give Thee what is best—
My yielded heart!

Jesus, my Lord and King,
Accept my offering,
Thee I adore;

No other lord shall be
Lord of my life, but Thee;—
Thou shalt reign over me,
For evermore!

Jesus, my Lord and King,
To Thee alone I cling,
For life and power;
Thy hand dost me uphold,
Thine arms do me enfold,
Thou dost give strength untold,
For each glad hour!

Jesus, my Lord and King,
To Thee my praise I sing,
Only to Thee;
Since Thou by love Divine,
Hast won this heart of mine,
Its praises shall be Thine,
Eternally!

Jesus, my Lord and King,
When I shall upward wing
My heav'nward way,
Low at Thy feet I'll fall,
Thee, King of kings to call,
And crown Thee, Lord of all,
Through endless day!

1895

GOD'S CALL

"Who will go for us, and whom shall I send?"

GOD needeth thee! Dost thou not see
Millions of heathen bending low the knee
Before dumb idols, without God or hope,
And wilt thou let them thus in darkness grope?

God calls for thee! Wilt thou refuse
To follow Christ, whate'er thou mayest lose
Of earthly gain; dost thou not know
That only loss is gain while here below?

God yearns for thee! Must Christ still stand,
Calling and waiting, adding to command,
Pleadings heartrending, would thy heavy ear
But listen to the voice which calls so clear?

God waits for thee! Wilt thou not go,
To lift thy brothers, sisters, fallen low?
Christ spoke the word, and someone lifted thee;—
Shall not thy hand now set these captives free?

Oh, yield to God! Arise and say,
"Here, Lord, am I; Thy call I will obey!"
Then God will call through thee, to nations wide,
And Christ shall be in thee well satisfied!

1896

SATISFIED

"*Satisfied with favour.*"

SATISFIED and full of favour,
By my King I stand,
Having blessings without number,
From His opened hand;
Oh, the greatness of His measure,
Oh, the richness of my treasure,
Oh, the fulness of my pleasure,
As His gifts expand!

Satisfied and full of favour,
By my Lord Divine,
Safe I am, His banner o'er me,
"Love," its fair design;

Oh, the rest of His providing,
Oh, the peace for e'er abiding,
Oh, the love and sweet confiding
'Tween His heart and mine!

Satisfied and full of favour,
By my Lord and King,
I would give Him gifts of praises,
Love's best offering;
Oh, the joy of Him adoring,
Oh, the bliss of heart-outpouring,
Oh, the soul's glad, free up-soaring,
As His praise I sing!

Satisfied and full of favour;
In a little space,
I shall stand still closer to Him,
With Him, face to face;

Oh, the sudden, homeward fleeting,
Oh, the long-expected meeting,
Oh, the rapture of the greeting,
In that upper place!

1896

EVENSONG

"And now the eventids was come."

THE day with all its toil is ended,
Fast fall the shades of stilly night,
The calm of heaven with earth is blended
And, e'en at eventide, 'tis light.

The birds now cease their good-night singing,
The sounds of earth fast die away,
Soft vesper bells, their sweet notes ringing,
Call sons of men to praise and pray.

The cattle homeward go a-lowing,
The bleating sheep turn toward the fold,
Now grateful saints, their praise o'erflowing,
Recount their mercies, new and old.

The glitt'ring stars their watch are keeping,
Like guardian angels hov'ring near,
Sad sons of sorrow cease their weeping
And burdened souls lose all their fear.

Oh, day of glad and blessed ending!
Oh, even-time of restful calm!
May they sweet peace from heaven descending
Awake each eve new prayer and psalm;

Till days are past and heaven's long even
Falls soft and sweet upon the soul,
When, in the calm of rest full-given,
Men praise and praise, as ages roll!

1901

BETHLEHEM

"*And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor.*"

(AFTER A VISIT TO BETHLEHEM, ONE BRIGHT DAY IN SPRING.)

I.

O BETHLEHEM, sweet Bethlehem,
To thee my song I sing,
To thee I raise my humble lay,
Thou city of the King.

Above thy courts the angels sang
Their brightest seraph-song,
And, faintly echoing their refrain,
I would their praise prolong.

II.

I see thy wide and wooded fields,
Thy rocky slopes and hills,
Thy valleys deep, where waters flow,
In sparkling, tuneful rills.

Thy balmy air is rich with scent,
Of olive and of vine,
Thy trees hang low with ripened fruit,
Thy vats o'erflow with wine.

Thy shepherd boys, like David, lead
Their flocks with winsome call,
Across thine uplands bright, or through
Deep vales where shadows fall.

Thy dusky men and ruddy maids,
Scattered across the plain—
Where Ruth once followed Boaz's men—
Harvest the golden grain.

Thy mothers hush their babes to rest,
With hymns of David's Lord,
They sing how in yon cave He came
To heavenly love afford;

And all is fair, and all is joy
About thy well-kept walls;
Yea, sorrows never touch thy gates
Thy hearth-stones and thy halls;

Beyond is darksome Calvary
And sad Gethsemane;—
But shadows flee, bright Bethlehem,
When shadows come to thee!

III.

Lo, as I gaze, a vision breaks;
Behold, I see the Child
Lie once again in cave of stone,
All pure and undefiled;

The virgin-mother bends above,
Watching the face Divine,
From which, so fair and beautiful,
Bright rays of glory shine ;

While holy angels, gathered 'round,
With reverent, rapturous gaze,
Bend low the knee, all worshipful,
And chant sweet hymns of praise ;

And oh, what longings fill my soul,
As I behold my Lord !—
I fall and worship at His feet,
My every sin abhorred :

And here I pray to be like Him,
A holy infant-child,
All meek and gentle, sweet and good,
All pure and undefiled !

IV.

The vision passes ;—not the Christ,
Nor Bethlehem ever blest ;
Ah, thee I love, thou city fair,
In thee I've found my rest ;

And so to thee, O Bethlehem,
My song of love I sing ;
All praise to thee, sweet Bethlehem,
Thou city of my King !

1901

CHILDREN'S HYMN

"In every thing give thanks."

I PRAISE Thee, God of heaven and earth,
For all things good,
For life and health, for comforts, home,
For daily food,
For every blessing Thou dost give,
Through Jesu's blood.

I praise Thee for the earth so fair
With fruits and flowers,
For winter's cold and summer's heat,
For snow and showers,
For all that fills the blessèd year
With gladsome hours.

I praise Thee for the joys of life,
And endless love,
For parents, brothers, sisters, friends,
And all who prove
That Thou art near to hearts on earth,
Though far above.

I praise Thee most for Jesus Christ,
And His sweet, "Come!"
For all His watchful care o'er me,
Lest I should roam,
For what He has prepared for me—
For heaven, my home.

And so I ask Thee, O my God,
That I may be,
Like Thy fair earth and beauteous sky,
All kept for Thee,
And all like Jesus Christ, my Lord—
Eternally!

1902

ASPIRATION

"*Hope maketh not ashamed.*"

I AIMED a prayer-shaft at the sky,
I thought to fix it fast on high,
I saw it downward fall, and lie
All broken on the ground;
But I had looked on higher things,
My soul had risen as on wings,
And even yet my hope upsprings
Towards heaven's eternal bound.

Oft-times our actions fail to rise
To wished-for place within the skies,
And heart is grieved, with sad surprise,
To see them fall to earth;

But aspiration ne'er is lost,
Though oft with disappointment crost,
For what is left, in spite of cost,
Gives life a nobler worth.

Then aim your actions far above
The world's low levels, thus to prove
That He who lives beyond is Love
And knows the soul's desires;
And oh, for e'er remember this,
That, often as our marks we miss,
God gives to him His highest bliss
Who for high heaven aspires!

1902

TO MY DAUGHTER ELISABETH

(*A secondary meaning of the name, Elisabeth, is, She worships the Lord God.*)

ELISABETH,—this' is thy blessèd name;
Not given to prophesy that common fame,
Or wealth, or power should be thy earthly lot—
For we would fain have these by thee forgot—
But rather this, because its meaning told
That thou should'st be, as women were of old,
A "worshipper of God," through precious blood,
By gracious choosing of thy Father-God.
Most blessèd name, speaking of saintly face,
Of movements dignified and full of grace,
Of motives pure, of high and holy thought;
Of kindly words, of acts as kindly wrought;

Name of true womanhood, whose adorning fair
Is not of costly gems and plaited hair,
But of the spirit, quiet, calm and meek,
Constraining those who see to oft-times speak
In fervent thankfulness and praise to God
For all the joys thy heaven-born gifts afford.
Name of our choice, therefore, and given with prayer,
That thou shouldst be in truth, God's worshipper :—
And this foretelling, 'twas the Lord who saith,
"Thy name, sweet child, shall be Elisabeth!"

1902

THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM

"Jerusalem—is the mother of us all."

JERUSALEM, my heavenly home,
How oft I long for thee,
For thy bright realms where angels are
And saints are ever free,
Where every thought and word is love,
Through all the gladsome days,
And every heart is full of joy,
And every tongue of praise.

Jerusalem, my heavenly home,
Oft-times I hear thy choir
Sing clear and sweet their hymns of praise
To soft-tuned flute and lyre;

Their songs float downward through the air,
Full toned like anthem-roll,
Till their refrain, antiphonal,
Re-echoes in my soul.

Jerusalem, my heavenly home,
To thee I lift mine eyes,
To thy fair fields of living green,
To thy blue, cloudless skies,
To thy sweet flowers, which ever bloom
Beside thy murm'ring streams,
To thy cool shades, 'neath spreading trees,
Where sleep the sun's soft beams.

Jerusalem, my heavenly home,
I see thee, city bright,
Stand high on Zion's holy hill,
Thy courts all filled with light,

I see thy gates of solid pearl,
Thy streets of purest gold,
And lo, thy many-jewelled walls,
A radiant host enfold!

Jerusalem, my heavenly home,
Thou holdest One for me,
More dear, more fair, more beautiful,
Than all else found in thee,
The Lamb of Calvary's lowly Cross,
Now King upon the Throne;—
He is my soul's Jerusalem,
My heavenly, happy Home!

Jerusalem, my heavenly home,
I fain would come to thee,
My pilgrimage for ever past,
My life for ever free;

Then haste glad day when I may pass
Through gates thrown open wide,
That in thy courts, Jerusalem,
I may for e'er abide !

1902

SOME DAY

"In that day."

SOME day my lessons will have been all learned,
And I shall close my book, the last leaf turned,
Then I shall stand before the upper throne,
And know for ever as I have been known!

Some day my last, glad song will have been sung
And words will die away on falt'ring tongue,
But through the ages I shall praise forth-tell,
For I shall join the choir invisible!

Some day my last night's prayer will have been said
And I shall lie within my narrow bed,

But in the morn, I shall for e'er arise,
My prayers all answered, in the mansioned skies!

Some day my pilgrim journey will be o'er
And I shall reach that farther, brighter shore;
My staff laid down, my burden put aside,
I'll rest for evermore, all satisfied!

Some day my race will have been fully run
And all my strivings be for ever done;
One last sharp passage through death's vale of tears,
And I shall reach the joys of endless years!

Some day my hard-fought battle will be past
And blessèd peace will be my lot at last;
The battle won, the victor's crown I'll wear
And in the victor's spoils, for ever share!

1902

MY PILOT

"*He will guide us over death.*"

WHEN I put out to sea,
Into eternity,
My Pilot will be there;
His hand will hold the helm—
Lest storms should overwhelm—
Till I shall reach the realm
Where lies my haven fair.

Though darkness shroud the deep
And billows toss and leap,
I shall not be afraid;

My Pilot knows the way
Across the sea's highway,
Through night, to that glad day
Where light will never fade.

And if, perchance, dread fear
Shall draw a moment near,
As storms around me roar,
Above the night-wind's sigh,
I'll hear my Pilot cry :
"Fear not, for I am nigh,"
And I shall fear no more.

The darkness overpast,
I'll reach my port, at last,
And rest in haven calm ;
Brought safely, sweetly through,
I'll thank my Pilot true,
And oft my thanks renew,
In praise and triumph-psalm.

And so I wait on shore,
My gaze fixed on before,
Across the dark'ning wave ;
My Pilot of the sea
Will one day call for me—
Then I shall ready be,
And trust His power to save !

1902

THE TRANSFORMED CLAY

"*He shall be a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use.*"

(AFTER SEEING A POTTER AT WORK IN HEBRON, PALESTINE.)

I.

A POTTER sat at his wheel one day,
In a cellar both dark and cold,
Around in piles lay the plastic clay
All damp, and covered with mould,
In shapeless heaps it lay on the sand,
Waiting the touch of the master's hand.

The potter's foot turned his wheel around
Till faster and faster it flew,
With a click and a creak, and a whirring sound,
That filled all the cellar through ;
Then the potter laid hold on a mass of clay,
Where it lay in the darkness, dull and gray.

The potter's sight was both clear and keen,
And his touch was skilful and true,
And the clay which lay in his hands between,
He fashioned, and fashioned anew,
Till there on the wheel, before his eyes,
A shapely vessel began to rise.

At last the whirr of the wheel was still
And the work of the potter was done,
Then the vessel was placed on the outer sill,
In the light of the summer sun ;

And there the dull clay of the cellar cold,
Stood a beautiful vase, all bathed with gold.

II.

One day there was sound in the narrow street
Of hoof and of chariot wheel,
And the King drew near, the potters to greet,
And to ask of his people's weal,
For none, as he, was so kind and true,
The length and breadth of the whole land through.

The greetings over, the King passed by,
Then he turned toward the palace hill;—
But he suddenly stayed, for his watchful eye
Had seen the vase on the sill
Where it stood in the sunlight, slender and fair,
Exquisitely fashioned—a work most rare.

The King called the potter and asked his price ;
He paid what was asked, and e'en more ;
Then he hid his treasure of rich device
In his boson, and thus he bore
The vase to the palace—his coveted prize,
The joy of his heart and delight of his eyes.

And now if you seek for the cold, dull clay,
You must pass the old cellar by
And go up the hill, by the King's highway,
'Neath the light of the sunlit sky,
Till you reach the palace, the King's fair home ;
Yea, there you will find it—beside the Throne !

1903

LOST AND FOUND

"Whosoever shall lose his life shall find it."

A SPRING, high up upon the mountain-side,
Straight downward flowed, into the caverned earth,
From thence in darkness, on and on to glide,
To men, unseen, unknown—of nothing worth.

But hidden there, 'twas fed by rains and snows,
By mountain pool and flowing rivulet,
Till in its cavern-depths its waters rose,
Flood-like, 'gainst cavern-rocks to leap and fret;

So that at last, down at the mountain's base,
It burst its barriers, coming into light,
A torrent-stream, downward to rush and race
Into the plain, in dashing, rapid flight;

Where broadening out, with grave and peaceful flow,
It moved majestic, toward the waiting sea,
Through peopled lands, to everywhere bestow
The blessings of a rich fertility.

Thus 'tis with man, if once his life is hid—
Small though it be—within the Life Benign;
Lost, yet not lost, 'tis found, at last, amid
The lives which blessing need—a gift Divine.

1903

WAITING

"Waiting for the consolation."

I SEE the light
Of the city bright
And the walls which the saints enfold;
I hear the song
Of the countless throng
Who walk on the streets of gold;
And I long to be
By the crystal sea,
In the life which will never grow old

I hear the chime
Of the bells of time,
Which tell of the passing day,

And I think of the hour
When, by angel power,
My soul will be carried away
To the upper home,
No longer to roam,
But in glory for ever to stay.

I long to be
Eternally free
From the sin which holds me here;
To walk in white,
With garments of light,
In the love which casteth out fear,
To see the face
Of the God of grace
And His rapturous welcome to hear.

And so I wait
Outside of the gate
Of the city all pure and fair,

Till I shall rise
To the mansioned skies
To be for evermore where
The Lamb is the light
Of that city bright
And of those who His glory will share.

1904

IN MEMORIAM

(*He*) "*after he had served his own generation, by the will of God, fell on sleep.*"

(AFTER BEING TOLD THAT A BELOVED FRIEND HAD THAT DAY "DIED.")

AH, no, he is not dead, he only sleeps;
Christ said it long ago, that death is sleep
To that poor woman, full of doubts and fears,
Who mournful wept beside her brother's grave,
Yea, He who spoke truth said, to that sad heart:
"Thy brother, Lazarus, shall rise again!"
And we believe it, both for him and us.
Dost call it death when, at the eventide,
Some one lies down and folds his weary hands
To rest all still throughout the shadowy night
And then awakes to greet the radiant morn
And go, in strength, into the brightening day?

No, no ; that closing of the tired eyes,
That folding on the breast of toil-stained hands
That lying still in rest—all this is sleep.
Ah, surely then, and surely far, far more,
When some poor, weary, fainting, pilgrim-saint,
Lies down in slumber's deep and blest repose,
His life deep hid within the life of God!
If this were dreadful death, would there have been
This calm, glad waiting for the darkening hour?
And would there, even yet, lie lingeringly,
Upon the upturned face, the peaceful smile?
What if the eyes ope not to waiting gaze,
Or breath no longer greets the list'ning ear ;
It only means that sleep is very deep,
Too deep for mortal eyes to see the Life
That circles it around and holds it safe.
Ah no, the light of life has not gone out,
For God's good gift was that of endless life ;
Christ promised it, and this too, we believe.

We say it then, triumphant over death ;—
"He is not dead ; he but takes rest in sleep !"
For this we surely know, he will awake
And rise renewed, all strong and beautiful,
To serve as ne'er before, in glorious day,
Alive with God and Christ, for evermore !
Then sleep, belovèd one, till morning light,
Sleep deep, sleep sweet, thy weary labour past;
Christ watches over thee, and He will keep
That which thou gavest Him, all trustingly :
And so we lay thy weary body down,
On flower-decked bed of earth, till night is passed,
In blessèd, ardent hope that very soon
The Day-spring from on high will visit us
And thou, with us, shalt rise to greet the day
And be with Christ, thy Life, to sleep no more!

1904

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

THE Lord is my Shepherd, I never shall want,
He makes me before Him to lie,
In pastures all verdant, of rich, tender grass,
My hunger to well satisfy.
By waters of stillness, He leadeth me forth
That I may find quiet and rest;
He restoreth my soul; and He guideth my feet
In paths that are righteous and blest.
Yea, though I should walk through the valley of death,
I'll fear neither darkness, nor ill,
For Thou art e'er with me, Thy rod and Thy staff
Will guide me and comfort me still.

Thou preparest a table, and spreadest it full
For me, in the sight of my foes,
Thou anointest my head with sweet-smelling oil,
And my cup, being full, overflows.
Surely goodness and mercy, attending my way,
Will bless me, through life, o'er and o'er,
And in the loved house of Jehovah, my King,
I shall dwell, all secure, evermore!

1906

CONFLICT AND VICTORY

" O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord!"

I.

WHAT now, my Soul, and hast thou sinned again,
Thou deeply sinful, desperately wicked Soul?
Wilt thou of sinning never have an end?
Wilt never let thy Maker make thee whole?
Thou seemest bound by strong iniquity,
When thou shouldst be, once and for ever, free.

O Soul, wilt thou for ever follow on,
Like hound upon the scent, hard after sin?
Like a wild beast, art thou insatiate?
Like a foul demon, hast thou Hell within?

Ah, once I thought that thou mightst changèd be;
But thou dost sin, and sin continually!

And yet, oh sinful Soul, thou knowest well
That I have struggled hard against thy reign,
As often as I've sinned, I have resolved
That thou shouldst never rule o'er me again;
Alas, deceitful Soul, I did not see
That, spite of struggles, thou couldst master me!

What can I do, my Soul? Thou art myself;
I cannot 'scape thy presence, nor thy power;
Turn where I will, I feel thy close embrace;
Thou pressest hard upon me, hour by hour;—

Oh that a Master Man might rise in me
Then I should be the man I long to be!

II.

What now, my Soul! what does this quiet mean,
This deep, abiding peace I find within?
Surely, thou hast not changed, since flesh is flesh,
And well I know that thou art full of sin;
And yet, a new, strange calm has come to me,
A calm like that of high eternity!

O Soul, art thou again deceiving me?
Is this some subtle, more mysterious way
Than thou hast erstwhile taken? Shall I wake
To find my footsteps, as of old, astray?—
It cannot be, for heaven has come to me,
With all its peace, and power, and victory!

Temptations press me sore; and yet I stand,
Upheld, unmoved, abiding in my rest;
Like lifted rock, amidst the surging sea,
Remaining firm, though often tempest prest;—
O God, this is not chance; nor I—'tis Thee!
Thou hast had mercy, and hast succoured me!

My prayer is answered, O my sinning Soul,
For thou art conquered by a Conqueror;
Thy Master thou hast met, and He doth reign;
I am set free by a Deliverer;—
The Man, Christ Jesus, hath arisen in me,
That I may be the man I long to be!

1906

ETERNITY

But the things which are not seen are eternal."

LIFE is young, and hearts are beating,
Feet delight to go a-greeting,
Joys and pleasures ever meeting;—
But eternity!

Never sorrow, never crying,
Never pause for even sighing,
Who would ever think of dying?—
Yet eternity!

Days are bright and all-entrancing,
Hearts are light and eyes are dancing;—
But grim Time is e'er advancing
Toward eternity!

'Midst the pleasure, conscience smarting,
Fear within the heart up-starting,
Time is short, and soon the parting,
Then eternity !

Months to years are ever growing,
Feet will soon be slower going,
Reaping always follows sowing ;
Thus eternity !

Life will pass, for time is fleeting,
One day there must be the meeting ;
What will be the yonder greeting
In eternity ?

Here the one chance for the moulding—
Suddenly, dark Death beholding,
Then, long ages, e'er unfolding,
Through eternity !

Sin is strong in its ensnaring,
Thoughtlessness leads to despairing ;—
O my Soul, be thou preparing
For eternity !

1906

RESTORED

"He restoreth my soul."

I FIND it sweet, once more to rest
On Jesu's strong and loving breast
And know my sins forgiven ;
To be accepted by His grace,
To be upheld by His embrace,
To gaze upon His lovely face
And thus reach home and heaven

I wandered far, in days gone by,
No light was in my darkened sky,
Around was storm and cold ;

And yet my heart for ever yearned
For Him whose love I oft had spurned,
Until, all weary, I returned,
Like sheep to shelt'ring fold.

One look into His tender eyes,
All filled with love and glad surprise,
And at His feet I fell;
O'ercome with sense of sin and shame,
Half fearing rightful scorn and blame,
I tried my penitence to frame—
My sin and grief to tell.

But not a word would He allow;—
He spake, and did His love avow,
His love for even me;
Then, lifting me with outstretched hand,
He made me by His side to stand;—
Who could such wondrous grace withstand,
A grace so rich and free?

And so, in spite of doubts and fears,
My penitence outpoured in tears,
I sank into His arms;
While He close drew me to His side,
That I might there for e'er abide,
All safe, whatever might betide,
And free from earth's alarms.

And so, I calmly, sweetly rest
On Jesu's strong and loving breast,
To wander nevermore;
In Him I've found a perfect peace,
A joy and love which e'er increase;—
O Jesu, may I never cease
Thee only to adore!

1907

MAN'S LIFE

"What is . . life? It . . appeareth for a little time, and vanisheth away."

THE sun arises from its ocean bed
All clothed with crimson light, a radiant morn,
Flashing through air to earth its glory-red,
It wakens men to greet the day, new-born;—
From off yon hearth, from newly kindled fire,
The flames leap upward, and the sparks mount higher.

. . . . .

The sun is west'ring, and is sinking low
Behind the sea's horizon, far away,
Now night has fallen, and the night-winds blow,
Moaning the death-song of departed day ;—
Upon the hearth grey ashes lie about ;
The last spark's vanished, and the fire is out !

1907

LIFE FROM DEATH

"Though he were dead, yet shall he live."

I STRAYED, all sad, into the wood one day—
Midway between the winter and the spring—
Around in scattered drifts the white snow lay,
O'erhead the mournful crows were on the wing,
All that I saw spoke of decay and death;—
Yet zephyrs stirred soft as a maiden's breath.

Beneath my feet the dead leaves, old and sere,
Lay like a faded carpet, yellow-gray,
The perished glory of another year,
The sign that ruthless Death had passed that way;
Upon the leaves dead branches lay about;—
Yet pressing through them flowers were springing out.

The trees rose up above me, gaunt and bare,
Uplifting limbs like naked arms to heaven,
Mutely appealing to the sun and air
That verdure-cov'ring might to them be given;—
And lo! upon their branches could be seen,
Just springing into life, buds red and green.

I sat me down upon a fallen tree,
Made soft by moss, once green, now gray,
To think of years, and life's mortality,
How all things, great and small, must pass away :—
When suddenly around me, greeting spring,
The birds burst forth in loud, sweet carolling.

And so I learned a lesson that bright day—
Within the wild wood dead, yet touched by spring—
That all things here below will pass away,
Yet from sad death shall new, glad life upspring ;
And thus I've come to know, e'en though I die,
That I shall live again in worlds on high.

1907

AMBITION

"He made the stars also."

'TWAS once my longing, in the days gone by
To be like brilliant sun in mid-day sky,
And thus to stand before men's wond'ring sight,
Oft seen and oft admired, myself the light.

Anon, I learned that such was not for me,
That I, unworthy, must more humble be;—
So then I longed to be like moon at night,
Shining in splendour, though with borrowed light.

Ah me! at last, I found that I was not
To hope for even this—but be forgot;
That I, unknown, must take my place afar
From sun and moon and earth, like distant star.

But here I've learned, within my lesser sphere,
I'm like a star, indeed, to God most dear,
For He who made the greater lights made me,
That for His glory I may ever be.

So now my longing is to shine just here
Where God has fixed me, with my light most clear,
That, though a star, I may be ever found
In my own place, to light the dark around.

1907

CALVARY

"The place which is called Calvary; there they crucified Him."

DARKNESS broods o'er all the earth,
Lo, the Man of heavenly birth
Dies amidst the jest and mirth,
On sad Calvary.

Sinless Son of God is He,
Yet He suffers agony,
Hanging on the cursèd tree,
There on Calvary.

Lo, His head a crown adorns—
'Tis a cruel crown of thorns;
This the taunt of man who scorns,
This, and Calvary!

See Him suff'ring there alone,
Hear the bitter cry and moan,
That for sin He may atone,
On dark Calvary.

Sinks the sun within the west,
Sinks His head upon His breast,
Dies the Man, by men unblest;
Cruel Calvary!

Oh, the darkness of the day,
Oh, the bitter, bitter way,
As grim Death makes Christ its prey;
Awful Calvary!

So they lay Him in the grave,
Him, who gave His life to save,
Him, who all His foes forgave,
On sweet Calvary.

There they lay Him, with my sin,
There they seek to keep Him in,
That He may no vict'ry win,
Through blest Calvary.

But in vain; no death can part
Him and my adoring heart;
Saviour, King, O Christ, Thou art!—
Precious Calvary!

1907

EASTER

"*He is not here, but is risen.*"

O SOUL of mine, awake, awake,
Slumber no more, for Christ's dear sake,
Behold, the glorious light doth break,
Of a new Easter day!

Come forth;—but not with fear and dread,
The darkness of the night has fled,
Seek not the Living, 'midst the dead,
On this glad Easter day!

Bring not the spices, sweet and rare,
Behold the grave—Christ is not there,
He has arisen, fresh and fair,
Like this bright Easter day!

Nay, linger not beside the tomb ;
Christ rose from out the morning's womb,
To scatter Death's o'ershadowing gloom,
Now shines the Easter day !

Yea, shine bright sun, blow balmy breeze,
Spring flowers, and shrubs, and buds on trees,
Sure token of Christ's power are these,
On this, His Easter day !

Hark, 'tis the Christ who to thee cries,
He calls thee to the radiant skies ;
O heart of mine, arise, arise,
To heaven's sweet Easter day !

Glad Easter day, so fair and bright,
So full of glory and of might ;
O Christ, Thou art its life and light ;—
Hail, blessed Easter day !

1907

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS LAMB

"*If a man hath an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountain, and seeketh that which has gone astray?*"

(AFTER SEEING SOORD'S PICTURE, "THE LOST LAMB.")

THE Shepherd went forth on the mountain cold,
For a lamb had strayed from the sheltering fold,
And He could not stay in the warmth and light
When one of His sheep was out in the night.

The frail, foolish thing had wandered away
When the flock went forth at the break of day,

As the Shepherd had led them with winsome
call
To the sunlit mead where the shadows fall.

He had strayed away to the valley deep,
Up over the hill, to the mountain steep,
Then farther and higher, 'neath gleaming sun,
Still wandering on, till the day was done ;

Until at last, in the deepening shade,
Tired out, and alone, and sorely afraid,
He had sought the fold, and its cheering light—
Only to enter the cold and the night.

So there he now stood on the mountain high,
Above, a faint gleam of light in the sky,
While 'round was the mist of the night-wind's
breath,
And below—the cliff and threatening death.

So the Shepherd missed him, at set of sun,
As He numbered His lambkins, one by one,
For there they all lay, safe-shut in the fold—
Except the one which was out in the cold.

Ah, the Shepherd's heart was tender and true,
And a missing lamb was a lamb too few,
And what to Him was the night-wind's breath
When one of His flock was in danger of death?

So the fire was stirred, and the door made fast,
And His storm-stained coat was over Him cast,
And the Shepherd strong, with the tender heart,
Out in the gloom of the night did start;

Where He sought till He found the faint tracked trail,
Where He followed on, through the winding vale,

Up over the hill, to the mountain steep,
Tenderly calling the name of His sheep.

And there, through the sound of the night-wind's sigh,
He heard the faint bleat of His lambkin's cry,
And there, on the edge of the cliff's high wall,
He saw it sinking and ready to fall.

Then the Shepherd sprang through the clinging thorn,
His feet, and His hands, and His face were torn,
But He reached His lamb, and He held him fast,
And the poor, trembling thing was safe at last!

And thus he was borne in the Shepherd's arms
All free from the peril and wild alarms,

Down from the mount, through the threatening
night,
To the shelt'ring fold and its warmth and light.

But ah, when the flock was led forth next
day—
There was the foot-marked, tortuous way,
And there, in its midst, like a crimson flood,
Was the long, red line of the Shepherd's blood!

1907

SPIRITUAL CONFLICT

"The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh."

(AFTER SEEING BARNARD'S STATUE, "THE TWO NATURES.")

DOWN, deeper down, thou sinful, sensual Self,
Back to low earth from which thou wouldst arise,
Thou robber-fiend, keep thine ill-gotten pelf
Of my misdeeds, it is thy lawful prize;
But henceforth know thou shalt not rule o'er me,
For a sweet Voice calls me to victory.

Up, higher up, thou better, nobler one,
Rise up in strength, with face toward the skies,
Faint not, nor fear, the conflict will be won,
Behold, before thee is the victor's prize;
Thy God who calleth thee will strength maintain
And turn all earthly loss to heavenly gain.

1907

FRIENDSHIP

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

TO have a Friend who follows all my thought
As it may vagrant roam from earth to heaven,
Who there will hold it fast, until its leaven
Be purged away, by purer word in-wrought;
To have Him understand when words have failed
To make my better, nobler meaning plain;
Who, when I'm silent, will His words restrain
And show by look that silence hath availed;

To know that He, if others adulate,
Will dare to warn of pride's presumptuous sin,
That He will speak of love, when others hate,
That He, to His strong Self, my soul may win :
Such friendship do I crave till life shall end ;
And such I have—in Jesus Christ, my Friend !

1907

A DAY DREAM

"Godliness with contentment is great gain."

A LITTLE village, 'neath the sheltering hills,
Beside a harbour, where ships safely lie,
Where humble toil man's humble need fulfils,
Where life goes calmly on, as days go by;
Where hearts are never old,
Where love is never cold,
Where joys are simple, sweet,
Where rest is deep, complete;—
There would I live and die.

To be as one amongst such simple folk,
Myself most blessed, and yet a blessing too,
Bearing with young and old life's daily yoke,
Having the daily, kindly task to do;

Healing the wound that smarts,
Soothing sad, sorrowing hearts,
Guiding in paths untrod,
Leading tired souls to God ;—
Thus would I live and die.

A humble village, where, when work is done,
One may, without regret, in quiet be,
Watching, all peaceful, life's slow-setting sun
Shed golden glory over land and sea ;
Hearing the evening bell
Its rhythmic story tell
Of life beyond yon west,
Of heavenly home and rest ;—
There would I live and die.

1907

WEEPING

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

(TO A FRIEND IN DEEP SORROW.)

WEEP, sorrowing one, for God would have thee weep,
He did not make thee stone, but very man,
Yea, He did form thy soul a fountain deep,
Seek not to close it up, weep whilst thou can;
Yea, weep and weep, weep tears on tears until
Thy weeping heart has ta'en its bitter fill.

Ne'er think thy weeping sin, since Christ did
weep,
Who held His life in such long, strong
restraint ;—
Mark there, at Lazarus' tomb, how tears up-
leap,
Hear yonder Garden's bitter, bitter plaint ;
Grieve not, then, if deep grief thine eyes
bedim ;
As Master, so disciple ;—weep with Him.

And yet this learn, weep not amidst the crowd ;
Weeping is sacred ; shut thy closet door ;
There, only there, put on thy mourner's shroud
Where thou canst speak with Christ, and
help implore ;
Then, on the breast of Him who weeps
with thee
Pour out thy sorrow's bitterest agony.

And grieve not Christ;—weep not as without hope;
Despair is trustlessness, and, therefore, sin;
However deep thy darkness, never grope,
Lift up thine head and see the Light within;
Weep on, belovèd, weep till sorrow's end,
But ne'er forget that Christ is thy good Friend.

Weep, sorrowing one, but e'er remember this:
Weeping shall not endure beyond the night;
There is in store for thee a rapturous bliss,
God's joy will greet thee with the morning light;
Ay, in that morn, no heart will moan or cry
For God's own hand will wipe each weeping eye!

1907

PRAYER

"The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

TO worship Him who is my Father-God,
In the all-worthy name of Christ, the Son,
Through the blest Spirit, ever Holy One,
Bowing the knee, with heart all hushed and awed;
To come to Him, confessing all my sin,
And seek forgiveness, through the precious blood,
To ask that He, in love's o'erflowing flood,
Will bless my needy life, without, within;

To intercede for all my kinsmen, friends,
For the elect who love our Saviour-Lord,
For the great world, e'en to its farthest ends,
That Christ may be by men obeyed, adored ;
And then to praise, always and everywhere ;—
Be this my fervent and effectual prayer !

1907

REQUIEM

"*We groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption.*"

THE days are hasting, hasting,
They pass away,
The years are wasting, wasting,
They will not stay.

My life is going, going,
'Twill soon be done,
Like rivers, flowing, flowing,
To oceans run.

Life's sun is sinking, sinking,
In dark'ning west,
And I am shrinking, shrinking,
From earth's cold breast.

The end is nearing, nearing,
It comes on wing,
My heart is fearing, fearing,
What death will bring.

Soon I'll be dying, dying;
O God, be nigh,
And hear my crying, crying,
My last, faint sigh;

And grant that, sleeping, sleeping,
I'll wake again,
With no more weeping, weeping,
And no more pain!

1907

PEACE

"The God of peace."—"The peace of God."

A FOREST dim and grand, with mile on mile
Of tangled undergrowth and arching trees,
Where sunlight rests upon the matted leaves
But never reaches earth to flowers beguile;
There footstep never fell
To break the silent spell,
There always, all around
Is stillness deep, profound;—
And there is peace.

An ocean's wide expanse, with leagues untold
Of untracked waters, 'neath a tropic sun,
Where every passing day, till day is done,
The sea lies glittering bright, like burnished gold;
There storm-winds never blow,
There storm-waves never flow,
There crystal waters lie
Beneath a cloudless sky;—
And there is peace.

A lake half-hidden, near a mountain's crest,
Surrounded by great trees with foliage bright,
O'er which the wild-duck wings his circling flight,
Near which the eagle builds his lofty nest;

There, 'neath the sun's bright beam,
Wavelets like jewels gleam ;
There, lilies white and rare
Perfume the still soft air ;—
And there is peace.

A heart all-sensitive, 'midst city din,
Pressed hard upon by selfish, jostling crowds,
Touched by dark lives which wickedness enshrouds,
Forced always, everywhere, to look on sin ;
Yet kept by God's great power,
Rejoicing hour by hour,
Uplifting prayer and psalm,
Dwelling in heav'nly calm ;—
Ah, *there* is peace !

1907

PILGRIMAGE

"*The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart.*"

(IN IMITATION OF OLD ENGLISH POETRY.)

I WENT on pilgrimage one day
To find my Lord, the King,
For I had lost Him in the way
Where worldlings laugh and sing.

Alas! I'd wandered with the throng
Which make life holiday,
And in my mirth had joined their song
And sung their roundelay.

But when my mirth was fully past
And all my singing done—
For careless laughter does not last
And songs die with the sun—

I turned to find my Saviour, Lord,
And walk with Him again ;—
Ah me, He'd gone, whom I adored,
I knew not where, nor when !

For I had grieved Him to the heart
By all my thoughtless way,
And He had turned, and gone apart,
While I kept holiday.

And so I went on pilgrimage
To seek my Saviour, Lord,
Naught else could lonely grief assuage,
Naught else could peace afford.

I sought Him in the palace proud,
Within the hovel rude,
I sought Him in the city's crowd,
In desert solitude ;

I sought Him in the mart and fair,
In church and cloister dim,
I sought Him, calling everywhere
For Him, and only Him ;

I sought, and found not, night and day,
Till strength and hope were gone,
Then, falling to the ground, I lay
With hidden face thereon ;

And there beneath the heavy stroke
Of loneliness and fear,
My heart with pain and sorrow broke,
And fell the bitter tear :—

When suddenly I heard a voice
Like that I'd known erstwhile ;
I turned and heard One say, "Rejoice!"
And saw a heavenly smile ;

And lo, 'twas Christ, my Lord and King,
Whom I had sought in vain ;—
Ah, how my heart with joy did sing,
While tears fell fast like rain !

For He had come on pilgrimage
To find His erring child,
My sorrow to for e'er assuage
By His forgiveness mild.

And so He found me in my woe ;—
He did not seek in vain :—
O Jesu, may *I* never go
On pilgrimage again !

1907

THE HIGHLANDS

"*Our citizenship is in heaven.*"

(AFTER READING BURNS'S "MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.")

OH, my heart is in the Highlan's
O' the far and fair countree
Where the King is waitin', waitin'
For His ain, and e'en for me;
There He reigns in a' His glory,
I shall see Him ane sweet day,
When He ca's me to the Highlan's
Wi' Himself for aye to stay.

Ah, my heart was in the Lowlan's
In the aulden, aulden time,
Midst the vapours and the shadows
O' the lower, baser clime;

But the heav'nly Man He sought me
An' He deed for me straightwa';
Then He ga'ed back to the Highlan's
An' He bore my heart awa'.

Oh, I love the bonnie Highlan's,
Wi' its pure an' caller air,
Wi' its green fields an' its flowers
An' its fragrance everywhere;
Ay, there's no place like the Highlan's
For the soul frae sin set free,
'Tis a lan' o' wondrous beauty,
'Tis the winsome lan' to me.

There's a palace in the Highlan's
An' it glistens wi' the licht,
For the sun is ever shinin'
An' there's never, never nicht,

An' there's music in the palace
Sweeter far than a' the soun'
That e'er greets the list'nin' dwellers
On the lower, Lowlan' groun'.

An' enthroned within the palace
Is the King sae pure and fair,
Wi' His garments a' aglist'nin'
An' wi' shinin', snawy hair,
Wi' His face sae bricht, resplendent—
'Bune the brichtness o' His croun—
That before Him a' the angels
An' archangels fa' adoun.

Oh, my heart is in the Highlan's,
Sae then dinna bid me stay,
For I canna but be hamesick
For its gowden, blythesome day;

Ay, I'm wearyin' for its beauty,
An' its licht that ne'er grows dim,
For the Ane wha's a' its glory
An' a lastin sicht o' Him!

1907

SLUMBER SONG

"Thy sleep shall be sweet."

(ON SEEING OUR YOUNGEST CHILD, FOLGER, ASLEEP.)

SLEEP, sleep, my darling child,
My own, my undefiled,
Sleep on, sleep on ;
Thine eyes must open soon
Upon life's glaring noon,
Sleep then until the day,
Sleep on while yet you may,
Sleep, sleep, my sweet, sleep on.

Sleep, sleep, my precious one,
Till hours of sleep are done,
Sleep on, sleep on ;

Thy feet have far to go
Through paths of toil and woe,
Thou needest strength on strength,
Then sleep, my child, at length,
Sleep, sleep, my sweet, sleep on.

Sleep, sleep, my babe adored,
May sleep sweet dreams afford,
Sleep on, sleep on ;
Dreams of a land afar
Past shining moon and star,
Visions all fair and bright,
Outlasting darkest night,
Sleep, sleep, my sweet, sleep on.

Sleep, sleep, thou child of love,
Thy God doth watch above,
Sleep on, sleep on ;

His eye will never sleep,
He will for ever keep,
Thou needest not to fear
For thou art ever dear,
    Sleep, sleep, my sweet, sleep on.

1908

PRAISE

"Giving thanks always."

DO you hear the angels singing
Up on high?
Do you hear their voices ringing
Through the sky?
Oh, the fulness of their song
As their praises they prolong,
Yea, the voices of that choir
Never tire!

Do you hear the saints all praising
'Round the throne?
Do you hear them hymns upraising,
One by one?

Praising is their glad delight,
So they rest not day nor night,
Crying, "Holy!" o'er and o'er,
Evermore!

Do you hear the saints adoring
Here below?
Do you hear them praise outpouring
'Midst earth's woe?
Hark, they sing their sweet refrain,
Through their joy and through their pain,
Praising, ever, in their love,
God above!

Oh, then, add your note, rejoicing,
To the praise,
Thanks to God for all things voicing,
Through the days;

Till the earthly singing's done,
Till the heav'nly is begun,
Till the anthem, 'round Christ's feet,
Swells complete !

1908

A PRAYER

"Give ear to my prayer, O God!"

O THOU who hearest prayer,
Always and everywhere,
Rememb'ring how men fare;
Who, though Thou art on high,
Hearest Thy children cry,
And drawest very nigh:
Hear Thou my prayer, this day—
Draw near me in life's way,
Be Thou my strength and stay;
From blinding sin set free,
May I Thy footsteps see,
And ever follow Thee;

On through the length'ning years,
On, spite of foes and fears,
On through the vale of tears;
Till the last hour has come,
Till sinks life's setting sun,
Till the long journey's done;
So, may I end my days,
Then, be with Thee always,
Where prayer is turned to praise;—
Amen!

1908

HAVE WE FORGOT

"Now, therefore, why speak ye not a word of bringing the King back?"

(AFTER ATTENDING A GREAT MISSIONARY CONVENTION IN WHICH NO REFERENCE WAS MADE TO THE RETURN OF THE LORD.)

THE King went forth a kingdom to obtain,
With promise to His own to come again;
The long, long years have passed, the years of pain,
And yet He cometh not;—
Have we forgot?

He bade us keep our hearts for ever pure,
And following Him, to suffer and endure,
That we to Him might weary men allure,
And He might tarry not ;—
Have we forgot ?

He asked us for Himself to wait and long,
To turn our faces from the worldly throng
Upward to Him, to whom our lives belong ;
And yet He hast'neth not ;—
Have we forgot ?

And thus the days go by ; we joy and sing,
We take His gifts—yet little to Him bring,
And speak no word of bringing back the King ;
And so He cometh not—
We have forgot !

O Christ our King, forgive us this our sin,
And help us, henceforth, many lives to win,
That we may haste to bring Thy kingdom in ;—
And oh, forget us not
Though we've forgot !

1908

EARTH-BOUND

" Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest!"

I CANNOT rise
To wished-for place within the skies,
But I am left to stand
Upon this clod-heaped land,
Pressed down with burd'ning discontent
Because of earth's environment,
Destined to die and sleep
Beneath the sod, so deep
That soon the earth will hold
Myself turned into mould;

Taken from dust I must
Return, at last, to dust.
The eagle cleaves the topmost sky,
The gull spreads forth his wings on high,
E'en tiny insects mount on strong, swift wings
And look down, from their height, on earthly things,
But I, a man,
But can
Walk heavy-footed on this lower earth,
Longing and waiting for a higher birth.
If I had wings,
Like the sweet lark that sings,
And, as it sings, soars out of sight,
I should take flight
And rise into the heavenly blue;
This I should do,

For I for ever long
To learn the heavenly song
Which those can never know
Who grovel here below;
But here on earth I walk
To envy e'en some carrion hawk,
A common thing,
And yet on wing,
With wings outspread
Above my head!
Oh, to cast off this heavy weight
Which keeps me in this lower state;
Oh, for strong power to rise and rise
To longed-for place in upper skies!
Hark to the birds on high
Which heav'nward fly;
Hark to the glad, pulsating song
Which does for e'er to them belong;
But I can never with them sing

Since I am not on wing,
I can but moan and wait,
Disconsolate :—
And lo, the turtle-dove moans with me from his nest ;
Had I but wings I too should fly away and be at rest !

1908

VESPERS

"*The day goeth away, for the shadows of the evening are stretched out.*"

(AFTER ATTENDING EVENING SERVICE IN AN ENGLISH CATHEDRAL.)

BEYOND the square of the old church tower,
Where the bell is tolling the evening hour,
The sun sinks low in its glory-red
To a long night's rest in its ocean-bed;
The sunlight falls on the ancient fane,
On arch and lintel and window-pane,
On lofty roof and on high-peaked choir,
On tower and turret and slender spire,
Till the old stone church, with its ivy green,
Seems to glow in a flame of celestial sheen.

Through the stained-glass windows the sunset bright
Throws its measureless rays of radiant light,
Touching with lustre carved saints of old
And wingèd angels with harps of gold,
Making resplendent the chilly gloom
Of darkened recess and shadowy tomb,
And, flashing glory the nave across,
Through the chancel's length to the brazen cross,
It falls upon it, a crimson flood,
Till the cross seems bathed in a tide of blood.

. . . . . .

The tones of the bell are now dying away,
And, at last, they pass, as passes the day,
When out from the church sounds the vesper-hymn,
As the worshipping saints sing praise to Him

Who is Lord of all—of the day and the night,
And who watches His own from the heavenly height;
Then follow the words of the evening prayer,
Which fall on the hearts of the worshippers there
All peaceful and still, with the blessing of God,
As the dew falls soft on the waiting sod,
And to all the prayers both women and men,
With heads bowed low, say a glad "Amen!"

. . . . .

Beyond the square of the old church tower,
Where the bell is tolling the curfew hour,
The sun goes down in its glory-red,
To its long night's rest in its ocean-bed.

1908

MY CREED

"Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief."

THAT God doth live, enthroned in heaven above,
Existing in three persons, and yet One,
The everlasting Father, Spirit, Son,
Whom I may worship and for ever love;
That Jesus died for me on Calvary's tree,
And then ascended to His Father's throne,
Thenceforth to ever intercede for me
Until He comes to gather home His own;

That God hath sent the Holy Spirit down,
To keep, to guide, to sanctify, to bless,
So I may wear, at last, a victor's crown
And reign with Christ, who will my name confess;
This—'spite of sin and doubt's o'ershadowing grief—
This I believe; Lord, help mine unbelief!

1908

"REST IN PEACE"

"Go thy way till the end be, for thou shalt rest."

'TWAS the midnight hour and the world was still,
Except for the moan of the wind on the hill,
And all was dark, save for rays of light
Which fell from the glimmering stars of night,
When suddenly rising through misty cloud—
Like a beauteous maiden in trailing shroud—
The moon burst forth, in radiant sheen,
To cast bright glory upon the scene:
The light bejewelled the vine-clad bowers
And made resplendent the trees and the flowers,

And it threw long beams on the verdant sod
Till they looked like a pathway up to God;
And there, disclosed by the rising moon,
Was an old churchyard, with a sculptured tomb,
With graves and headstones, in rows outspread,
The resting-place of the sainted dead;
And lo, in the midst was a high, stone cross,
Which bore this legend its arms across,
In letters which flamed in the light's increase;
"Who sleepeth in Jesus, resteth in peace."

1908

AFTERWARD

"No chastening . . . seemeth joyous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness."

RAIN, rain
Beating against the pane;
How endlessly it pours,
Out of doors,
From the blackened sky;—
I wonder why!

Flowers, flowers
Upspringing after showers,
Blossoming fresh and fair,
Everywhere;—
Ah, God has explained
Why it rained!

1908

QUIETNESS

" When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble ?"

PASSING one day beside Niagara's stream,
In the glad time of Nature's wakening,
When winter yields to spring and spring doth bring
Bright sunshine, fragrant flowers and singing birds,
I paused beside the river where its flow
Is most disturbed—the rapids in the gorge—
And watched the waters as they passed me by.
There I beheld, under the cloudless sky,
In sight of flowers, in sound of warbling birds,
The broad, deep river, rushing on and on,
Tossed to and fro, revolving round and round,

With whirlpools, and with waves which dashed themselves
Into white foam upon the blackened rocks,
Till all the river seemed alive and mad,
A very hell of waters, near and far,
Abysmal depths of discord and of pain.
And as I looked, I saw just opposite,
Right in the waters' midst, upon the wave,
A tiny block, resting all calm and still,
Not moving down the stream, nor turning round,
As still and calm as if on crystal sea.
Astonished at the sight, I looked again,
And then with fixèd gaze, unwav'ringly,
Till all my doubts had gone, for there the wood
Remained quiescent as I saw it first.
Then studying the strange sight I found its cause ;—
The block was held just at the central point

Of a great whirlpool's course, where, rushing
round,
The water met and formed a place of calm,
As if there were no whirlpool, nor mad rush
Of frenzied waters leaping to the sea.
And there I learned that day a lesson new,
Beneath bright heav'n, beside the troubled
stream,
How very calm one's daily life may be,
In midst of all the torrent-rush of cares,
The pressing, maddening tides of daily tasks,
Which dash and whirl till sense is almost gone.
If only one may learn the lesson blest,
To hide within the world's great central Will—
God's will for us, all perfect good and true;
For there, in spite of all, in midst of all,
We shall find rest, abiding, deep, complete,
And thus find quietness, for evermore!

1908

GOLDEN ROD

"*He hath made everything beautiful in his time.*"

ONLY a weed, they say, and I suppose 'tis
true,
But oh, sweet golden rod, I would I were like
you,
Gladd'ning strained, weary eyes along the dusty
ways,
Standing so strong and fresh through long, hot
summer days,
And wearing for bright attire the sunlight's
glorious hue;—
Ah me, sweet golden rod, would God I were
like you!

1908

SHADOWS

"*Until . . . the shadows flee away.*"

THE springtime sun burst forth to-day
After the long, dull winter's cold,
Upon the hardened ground it lay
Like furnace-glowing, radiant gold,
It warmed the earth where snow had lain,
And, following after springtime rain,
It wooed a new life from the old.

The springtime buds sprang forth to-day
On plants and vines and shrubs and trees,
While the glad birds sang roundelay
Amidst the droning of the bees;

Flowers, 'neath the sunlight's golden dower,
Burst forth within a single hour,
To cast sweet fragrance on the breeze.

All the great world is bright to-day,
And every living thing is glad,
For beauteous spring has come to stay
That all the earth may be new-clad ;—
Alas, alas, in spite of spring,
I cannot joy, I cannot sing,
Somehow my heart is dark and sad !

Oh, shame, thrice shame, upon this day
When there is beauty everywhere,
When all the world is blithe and gay,
And sunlight flashes through the air,
That shadows o'er my heart should lie—
As clouds o'ershade a sunlit sky—
Turning my joy to dark despair.

Rise, rise, bright Sun, rise high to-day—
Thou brighter Sun than that I see,
Chase all my darkness far away
And let Thy radiance fall on me;
Then shall my heart be glad and sing,
Then shall I joy with everything,
And shadows will for ever flee!

1908

SUBMISSION

"*Thy will be done.*"

(AFTER SEEING HOFMAN'S PICTURE, "CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE.")

O JESUS CHRIST, Thou suff'ring Man of prayer,
Help me in prayer Thy sufferings to share,
That, learning at Thy side, on bended knee,
The deep, sweet lesson of Gethsemane,
I may repeat with Thee—the vict'ry won—
"Not my will, Father, but Thy will be done!"

1908

WEARINESS

"There the weary are at rest."

YEARS!
And also fears;
The way is long,
The battle's to the strong,
And I am weak;
I dare not seek
For many years!

Years!
Ay, also tears;
I have been glad,
But far more often sad;

Now life's far past
And what will last
Are wearier years!

Years!
The way appears
A way of gloom;
There seems no resting room
In life below;
Hence, tears will flow
For better years!

Years!
Christ only cheers;
When I shall stand
Safe home at His right hand,
Then it will be
That I shall see
The joy of years!

Years!
Life disappears!—
Ay, let it go
That I may sooner know
The bliss of rest
Among the blest
Through heav'nly years!

1908

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE

"Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'

LO, a lily-blade is springing
Through the soil of Galilee,
Into beauteous life upspringing,
Into joy and ecstasy;—
"Oh," it cries, "how glad the hour
When my leaf will turn to flower."

Lo, a lily-flower is standing
In a glade of Galilee,
With its petals wide expanding,
Fair in whitest purity;—
"Oh," it cries, "to stand for e'er,
Blooming thus, all bright and fair!"

Lo, a lily-flower is dying
In a Hand in Galilee,
While a sweet-toned Voice is crying
In divinest sympathy;—
"Solomon was ne'er arrayed
Like this lily of the glade!"

So the lily died to living
In the vale of Galilee,
Yea, it died—its sweet life giving
To the Man of charity;
Then the Man, upon that day,
Smiled upon it where it lay!

Now the lily lies forsaken
In the dust of Galilee,
Never will its life awaken,
It has died eternally;—
Yet this lily of the glade
Lives as none God ever made!

1908

ENSLAVED

"A bond-slave of Jesus Christ."

I.

I WENT into the fields one day
In the sweet beauty of the spring,
My heart was light and glad and gay
And thus I fell to carolling.

I sang of skies of radiant blue,
Of fleecy clouds and balmy air,
Of leaf and grass of softest hue,
Of fragrant flowers divinely fair ;

Of great-winged birds afloat on high,
Of song-birds warbling in the trees,
Of bright-hued insects darting by,
Of the low drone of swarming bees;

And then I sang, as sang the birds
Which soared within the heavenly blue,
In loudest, most triumphant words
The sweetest song my full heart knew,

Of life's glad freedom, now and aye,
Which stirred the heart to joy and sing,
Which makes life one long holiday
And sets the lips to carolling.

"Free, free," I sang, "for ever free,
The slave of no one, God or man,
Myself a king, at liberty,
My kingdom all mine eye doth scan!"

II.

But suddenly my singing ceased,
For there beside the verdant field,
In midst of crowd—which e'er increased—
A journeying Stranger was revealed.

He walked along the dusty way
With smiling face and gentle eye,
He seemed to hear what each did say
And seemed to catch the faintest sigh;

And, now and then, He paused to touch
Some body racked with piercing pain,
And often He would speak to such
As seemed fast-bound by Satan's chain;

Then, as He passed, He looked on me—
He spake no word, He made no sign—
But smiled in tend'rest sympathy
And fixed His yearning eyes on mine;

And somehow—how I do not know—
I joined the throng in dusty way
And followed Him, not fast nor slow,
But e'er beside Him, day by day;

And somehow—how I cannot tell—
The toilsome way seemed sweet to me,
Sweeter by far than dale and dell
And greenest fields could ever be;

And somehow, too, I found it peace
To follow captive in His train;
Yea, 'twas a joy which did increase
To live beneath His gentle reign;

And so, once more, my heart did sing—
Ay, as it never sang before—
And thus I fell to carolling
Of Him whom now I did adore;

And this is what my lips did sing
E'en as I walked in crowded way :—
"I am a slave of Christ my King,
A captive-slave, for now and aye ;

"For I have found eternal rest
In trusting His eternal word,
And I have found my life all blest
In hailing Him as Saviour-Lord."

So now I follow, on and on,
Beside the Christ, in dusty way ;
Green fields and liberty are gone—
But life is one long holyday !

1908

THE NAME

"God also hath given Him a name which is above every name."

THERE is a name, a wondrous name,
Of infinite and endless fame,
By God beloved, by saints revered,
By angels and archangels feared,
Ordained by God 'fore world began,
Revealed by angels unto man,
Proclaimed by men, believed, adored,
By hearts in prayer and praise outpoured,
The theme of prophet, priest and king,
The word of which sweet psalmists sing,
By pilgrims blessed, by suff'rers sung,
The last word breathed by martyr's tongue,

The name most precious and sublime,
Supreme in space, supreme in time,
Destined to live and conquer all
Till all knees everywhere shall fall
And tongues confess—what God proclaims—
This name to be the Name of names,
The name which in high heaven will be
The One Name of eternity;—
Then, O my soul, its praise forthtell,
JESUS—the name ineffable!

1908

HEART-BREAK

"I adjure you—if ye find my beloved that ye tell him that I am sick from love."

I HAVE lost my Love to-day,
Lost Him in the crowded way,
While I turned aside to see
Life in its festivity ;—
Oh, to look into His face
And to find His pard'ning grace !

Ah, my heart, how fair this world
When its beauties are unfurled,
How they glitter, dazzle, blind,
How they 'snare the heart and mind !—
Tell me, and oh, tell me true,
Has my Love been seen by you ?

I did take my wanton way
With the throngs all through the day,
Seeking pleasures, sweet and rare,
Joyful, without thought or care;
Now 'tis night;—oh, can you tell
Where my grievèd Love doth dwell?

Days are long and full of light,
Pleasures sweet and joyance bright
But the night, how dark and drear
And how full of dread and fear!—
Oh, that I could find my Love,
Then I would no longer rove!

If you see my Love, do you
Tell Him that my love is true
That grief's tears my eyes bedim
As I seek and call for Him;—
Will you, in sweet charity,
Help to find my Love for me?

Ah, I wander all alone—
Would I could for sin atone,
I would give my very heart,
With my very life would part,
If in giving, dying I
Might but find my Love was nigh!

Hear me, Love—I cry, I moan,
Thee I long for, Thee alone
If Thou wilt return to me
I will never part from Thee;—
Hear me all, below, above,
Tell my Love, I die from love!

1908

COMMUNION HYMN

"This do in remembrance of Me."

O MY soul, do thou keep silence,
Here thou meetest with thy God,
Come and feast, in sweet reliance,
But with spirit bowed and awed;
Hush the voice and still the mind,
Here thou wilt thy Saviour find.

O my soul, do thou remember
This is sacred, holy ground,
Sign of when Christ's every member
On the cruel cross was found,
There He died in agony;—
Come, then, humbly, gratefully.

O my soul, be thou preparing,
It is Christ who welcomes thee,
Richest blessing with thee sharing,
Foretaste of eternity;
He doth grant thee heavenly food,
Giving thee His flesh and blood.

O my soul, thy sins forsaking
In remembrance of Christ's love,
From this food new vigour taking,
Set thy face toward things above;
Christ is here thy life to win,
And to free thee from all sin.

O my soul, feast on believing,
Eat the bread and drink the wine,
In these tokens Christ perceiving,
Worship Him, and make Him thine;—
Then arise with grateful song
Since thou dost to Christ belong!

1908

A SONG

"*Singing, and making melody in your heart, to the Lord.*"

PASSING through dusty way
One glaring, heated day,
With mind intent,
On duty bent,
Footsore and worn,
With brow forlorn,
There reached me from the hills,
In tuneful, praiseful rills,
A glad, sweet heart'ning song;—
To whom it did belong
I could not tell,

But this I knew full well,
It reached my heart
And caused glad tears to start,
And made me quite forget
The ills and fret
Which had put far away
The joyance of the day ;
And this I also knew
That it proved true,
That from that hour,
There passed the power
Of burd'ning heart-break,
Till awake
To the sweet beauties
Of life's blest duties,
I quite forgot the long-drawn way
And all the heat of glaring day,
And henceforth only sought
That life might be full-fraught

With glad and praiseful love
For men, and Christ above ;—
And now I long
To hear another song ;
And, too, to sing and sing,
Till burdened hearts upspring,
That I may others make
New courage take ;
And whether they will know
Who 'twas that blessed them so,
I do not care
If only there
Be left in some sad heart a praiseful song,
There echoing, o'er and o'er, a full life long,
And that heart learn,
In blessèd turn,
To sing, and yet again to sing,
For sake of men, and Christ our King,

And thus to serve,
Without reserve,
In life's long, dusty ways,
Till countless burdened hearts are turned to song and praise!

1908

SANCTUARY

"The Lord of hosts—He shall be a sanctuary."

I.

I TURNED aside from haunts of men
To seek some lonely, wooded glen,
Where 'midst sweet beauty I might lie
And watch, by day, the sunlit sky,
Or, keeping vigil in the night,
Might gaze upon the wondrous sight
Of heaven's expanse, anear yet far,
Lit up by beauteous moon and star,
While, fixing thought on God alone,
I might, by thought, for sins atone,
Till fully cleansed from all earth's stain
I should be whole and pure again,

And thus be meet, when I should die,
To find swift entrance to the sky;
I soon had left the haunts of men,
I found the wooded, silent glen,
But 'midst the beauty, sweet and rare,
I fell into the Tempter's snare;—
Alas, sin dwelt within my breast,
And so I failed to find my rest!

II.

I took my way from shaded wood
Until in wilderness I stood,
Where, making home in rocky cave—
By penance my lost soul to save—
I sat me down within the heat,
Where noontide rays did fiercest beat,
And there remained till night was old
And heat had given place to cold,
And thus again, and yet again,

Till I was worn and racked with pain;
I made the stony ground my bed,
I lived on roots and mouldy bread,
I said long prayers, and o'er and o'er,
I wept till I could weep no more,
I poured my moans forth like a flood,
I scourged my flesh, I shed my blood;
But, 'spite of bitter sacrifice,
I fell 'fore Satan's set device;—
Alas, sin ruled within my breast,
And so I failed to find my rest!

III.

I sought out monastery grand,
On sacred mount, in Holy Land,
To live amidst earth's saintliest men,
Gathered from distant town and glen,
Who, longing for the inner light,
Sought in grave silence, day and night,

The face of Christ to contemplate
And on His death to meditate ;
And there I dwelt within my cell,
My prayers to chant, my beads to tell,
And there—one silent, midnight hour,
Seeking to foil the Tempter's power—
I cut upon my breast, as sign,
The Name ineffable, Divine,
In hope of 'scaping hell's abyss
And finding heaven's eternal bliss ;—
But, spite of cell and prayers and Name,
The Tempter tempted me the same,
And, since sin reigned within my breast
I failed to find my longed-for rest !

IV.

I turned at last, old and undone,
With face set toward the setting sun,
Backward to earliest town and home,

Unable more, in quest, to roam,
With longing in my heart to lie
On boyhood cot, and there to die ;
I passed through wilderness and glen,
I reached the busy haunts of men,
I found my boyhood cot, and there
I knelt to breathe my last night's prayer ;
And as I knelt—once more a child—
I cried to Christ, the Undefiled,
For pardon for a life of sin,
For purity, without, within ;—
And there, the Christ, in love Divine,
Took hold upon this life of mine,
And there He made Himself to be
A Sanctuary blest for me ;
And lo, He drove sin from my breast ;—
And so, at last, I found my rest !

1908

OUR FATHERLAND

"*Thine eyes—shall behold the land that is very far off.*"

(SUGGESTED BY ZINZENDORF'S HYMN, "JESUS, STILL LEAD ON.")

CHRIST will lead us on
Till our life is done;
He from evil will defend us,
In all trials will befriend us,
Till our feet shall stand
In our Fatherland.

Christ will make our way
Bright as noontide day;
He will ever walk beside us,

He will hold and He will guide us,
Till we reach the strand
Of our Fatherland.

Christ will give us cheer
E'en when foes are near;
With His strength He will surround us,
Yea, when doubt doth most confound us
He will point His hand
To our Fatherland.

Christ, in death's dark vale,
Will for us prevail;
By His arm He will sustain us,
In His peace He will maintain us,
Till the scenes expand
Of our Fatherland.

Christ will bring us where
We His joy shall share;

There His power will e'er uphold us,
There His love will e'er enfold us—
When our feet shall stand
In our Fatherland!

1908

THE CALL OF THE EAST

"There are—many voices in the world."

DO you hear the East a-calling,
Day by day?
Do you hear its plaint a-falling,
Far away?
Crying out, since sore distrest,
Pleading, pleading to be blest,
Needy East to tardy West;—
"Do not stay!"

See, the peach-trees high a-growing,
Fresh and fair;
See, the cherry blossoms blowing
Through the air;

Lo, the spices breathe forth balm,
Sweet the shade of fronded palm,
In the bright, warm tropic calm,
Over there.

Hark, the sound of merry laughter,
Bright and clear,
Happy tale, and then the after
Happier cheer;
Boys and girls with sparkling eyes,
Women showing glad surprise,
Men more grave, since gravely wise,
Far, as near.

But beneath the beauteous brightness,
Dark and death,
And behind the heart's glad lightness,
Bated breath;—

Ah, they bow to gods of stone
Which for sin can ne'er atone;
Hear you not the cry and moan,
As God saith?

Yea, the East is calling, calling
'Cross the seas,
For the shadows are a-falling
As life flees;
Dark the day, in spite of light,
Darker still the long-drawn night,
Shadows sinful souls affright,
Such as these.

Coming, coming, I am coming,
I'll not stay,
Ev'ry fear, at last, o'ercoming,
I'll away;

Yea, the East shall meet the West,
Hear, O East, thou shalt be blest,
Jesus yet will give thee rest;
Blessed day!

1908

THE WOODMAN'S SONG

"The trees—which the Lord hath planted."

LET all who will walk the city street
And gaze on the high house walls,
Their only music—the beat of their feet
And the sound of the huckster's calls;—
Give me the woods which the Lord has made,
With its vines and its leaves of green
And the birds a-carolling in the shade
And the glint of the sun's bright sheen.

Do you want a cathedral with towers and spires?
Do you look for a cloister dim?
Do you long for voices, and virgin choirs,
And God—and a sight of Him?

Come out of the city which man has made
And dwell in the wild-wood fair
Beneath the trees of the glen and the glade—
You will find what you seek for there.

I grant that it's true that God does dwell
With men in the stone-built town,
And that He hears when the anthems swell
In cathedrals of great renown—
But I choose to worship in village church
And then to walk in the glade
Where you find God near, though you do not search,
In the woods which His hands have made.

Oh, the wave in the corn in the clearing 'round
As it bends 'fore the summer breeze,
Oh, the shadows cast on the grass-clad ground
By the swaying limbs of the trees,

Oh, the arching branches above your head
And the long vines swinging by,
Oh, the sunlit leaves, some green, some red,
And the glimpse of the azure sky!

Oh, the soft, gray moss beneath your feet
And the near-by ferns, bright green,
Oh, the tunes of the song-birds, clear and sweet,
And the squirrel's sharp chatter between,
Oh, the soft, low voice of the babbling brook
As it glides through the glade and the glen—
Ah, here is God's church, and here is a book
Which His hand has writ large for men!

Then make the city of stone your home
If such be your mind and choice—
But let me out in the wild-woods roam
Where my worshipping heart may rejoice;

Yea, let me abide 'neath the arching trees
With their heads held up to the sky;
And oh,—'neath their fallen, covering leaves
Do you lay me down when I die!

1908

THE VIRGIN'S MEDITATION

"*Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also.*"

THE shadows fall on the silent earth
As the sun sinks low in the west,
And I hold my Babe of the heavenly birth,
His head laid soft on my breast;
Sleep, sleep, my Child;—aye, the shadows fall
And lie on the earth like a heavy pall!

The dove is making his sad lament
In the oak on the crest of the hill,
And the olive-trees, by the night-winds bent,
Sing a requiem, loud and shrill;
But sleep, my Child, sleep still and deep;—
It is not Thy time to lament and weep!

The wind blows cold from the great, wide sea,
And the waves beat hard on the shore;
Ah, I saw the lightning flash o'er Thee,
And hark, how the thunders roar;
Stir not, my Child, not yet is pain;—
But forgive if my teardrops fall like rain!

The night creeps on, the dark'ning night,
And my heart is o'erwhelmed with fear;
Hush, hush, my Child, soon cometh light,
And Thy Father is ever near;—
And, God, my God, grant me Thy power
Till past is the pain of that awful hour!

1908

CHILD PRAYERS

"*And the child—ministered unto the Lord.*"

Morning.

THOU, God, has kept me through the night
And brought me to the morning light,
Now keep and bless me through the day
And lead me in the heavenly way,
That all I do, while I shall wake,
May be for Thee—for Jesus' sake :—
Amen !

Evening.

Dear Father, keep me through the night
And guard me till the morning light,

While I shall sleep, do Thou be near,
Protecting me from harm and fear,
And may I in the morn awake
To live for Thee—for Jesus' sake :—
Amen !

1908

THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIRST PSALM

SHALL I lift up my longing eyes
Unto the hills around?
From whence shall come my needed help,
Where shall my aid be found?
From God, the Lord, come help and aid,
Who hath the earth and heavens made.

He will not let thy foot be moved,
For He that keepeth thee
Will never slumber, yea, the Lord
Will never weary be;
Lo, He that Israel's tribes doth keep
Shall never slumber, never sleep.

The Lord's thy keeper. Lo, He is
Thy shade on thy right hand,
Nor sun nor moon shall ever smite,
For He will by thee stand;
He shall preserve thee, and control,
Yea, He shall ever keep thy soul.

The Lord, in all thy going out,
In all thy coming in,
Shall keep thee safe from every harm,
Preserving thee from sin;
Yea, day and night, till life is o'er,
From henceforth, and for evermore!

1908

SOVEREIGNTY

"He doeth whatsoever pleaseth Him."

A SHIP set forth o'er a tranquil sea
With its sails full-spread on the bending mast,
It sailed o'er the deep like a bird set free,
And it reached its haven, all safe, at last;
Its voyage was ended in peace and calm,
And the anchor was dropped with a praiseful psalm.

A ship set forth o'er a storm-tossed tide,
And soon the sails were all rent and torn;
One night the breakers were heard at the side
And the rocks loomed out of the op'ning morn;

There was sudden shock, there were cries of pain,
And the great ship sank in the seething main.

There was One who sat on His heav'nly throne,
With His eyes firm-fixt on the sea and land,
The winds were His servants and His alone,
And the waters were held in His sovereign hand;
And He did what He pleased on the land and sea,
And His name was—Infinite Mystery!

1908

A HEART WISH

"My heart's desire and prayer."

THAT I may know, yet more and more,
The love of God, whom I adore,
That I may be, increasingly,
The man that He would have me be,
That, loved and kept, I may find grace
To serve before Him, face to face,
And that, at last, my great reward
May be the "Well done!" of my Lord;
This is my wish—may all beside
Be on yon cross, and crucified!

1908

WANDERERS' SONG

"Who can have compassion—on them that are out of the way."

JESUS, we are far astray
From the strait and narrow way,
Bring us back, we humbly pray;
Jesus, hear and save us!

Draw us with Thy cords of love,
Fix our hearts on Thee above,
That we may no longer rove;
Jesus, hear and bless us!

Save us from life's snare and sin,
Make us Thine, without, within,
Grant us strength the prize to win;
Jesus, hear and help us!

Keep us ever at Thy side,
Held by Thee, whate'er betide,
Loved and blessed, and satisfied;
Jesus, hear and keep us!

Take us, when we come to die,
To Thyself, in heaven on high,
There to dwell, e'er safe and nigh;
Jesus, hear and save us!

1909

COMPENSATION

"Nevertheless, afterward!"

THE year is slowly, sadly dying—
Let it die!
Dead leaves on withered flowers are lying—
Let them lie!
Were there no autumn, there would be no spring;
And hearts 'midst springtime joys would never sing!

My life is surely, sadly ending—
Let it end!
Its way toward death is swiftly tending—
Let it tend!
Should earth not cease, then heav'n would not begin
And heaven's eternal joys I ne'er should win!

1908

WHAT I SHOULD DO

"*And the disciples . . . went and told Jesus.*"

IF Jesus, Man of heavenly birth,
Were living here on lower earth,
I know that I should go to Him
At morning hour, or twilight dim,
Or e'en at night—whene'er was need,
My need to tell, my want to plead;
I should not grovel at His feet,
I should not cry aloud, or weep,
But, humbly looking on His face,
All trustful of His love and grace,
I'd tell him simply as a child—
This Jesus with the face so mild—
My every want, my every need,
Believing He would give me heed;

And I should ask Him to fulfil,
As seemed best to His holy will,
All I desired, and so much more
As He might grant from love's great store;
Then, I should thank Him, as I stood,
For what I knew He surely would
Give to my life, or else, withhold,
As love its choices would unfold;
And then I should turn back to life
Of work or play, of peace or strife,
With heart so glad and satisfied
That rest, whatever should betide,
Would be my portion, night and day,
As I went onward through life's way;
This I should do, I surely know,
If Jesus only lived below;
But oh, my life is shadowed o'er,
For He is not here as of yore!

. . . . . .

O faithless heart! Hast never heard
Of what is written in the Word,
That Jesus now is just the same
As when as Son of Man He came?
Dost thou not know that He is near,
That He may be as real, as dear,
As e'er He was in Galilee
When children gathered 'round His knee
And men spake to Him, face to face,
Constrained by all His love and grace?
O longing heart, draw near, draw near,
And let this Saviour give thee cheer,
For He who lived upon the earth
Is still the Man of heavenly birth,
And there in heav'n He waits to be
The same sweet Man of Charity!

1908

A QUESTION

"*Pray without ceasing.*"

JUST a glance above
And a half-breathed prayer,
Yet a Father's love
And a Father's care;—
Then why not pray by night and day
And have that love and care alway?

1909

ADORATION

" *Great is our Lord, and of great power; His understanding is infinite.*"

(LORD TENNYSON USED TO PRAY, IN THE GREAT CRISES OF HIS LIFE, "O THOU INFINITE; AMEN!")

O THOU Infinite; Amen!—
God of all the sons of men,
Ever highest, and yet low,
Thou from whom compassions flow,
Bearer of Thy people's sin,
Seeking weary souls to win,
Welcomer of all who seek,
Strengthener of all the weak

Comforter in sore distress,
Ready needy lives to bless,
Filling earth, as heav'n above,
With infinitude of love,
Life of life and light of light,
Full of wisdom and of might,
Ruler o'er created things,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
Perfect in Thyself and ways,
Worthy of eternal praise,
Loved by the redeemèd host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
We Thy triune Name confess,
Thee we supplicate and bless;
Worshipping, we say it then;
O Thou Infinite—AMEN!

1908

THE MINISTRY OF SUFFERING

"*These are they which came out of great tribulation.*"

(TO A FRIEND IN THE MINISTRY, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF HIS BELOVED WIFE.)

THERE are those suff'ring without tears,
Whose faces wear the look that cheers,
Whose voices hold in every tone
The accent learned at heaven's throne,
Whose hands and feet in ministry
Show forth love's tend'rest sympathy,
Who, without consciousness or guile,
By thoughtful word and winsome smile,

Bring blessing to the sons of men
And comfort saddest hearts—e'en when
For them there is no light or love,
Save as these fall from heaven above,
And who their lonely way must tread,
While eyes see visions of the dead
And ears hear voices silent now,
And who beneath God's stroke must bow
Though hearts do break, and break again
From overweight of hidden pain;
These are the saints who meekly go
Beside the Christ who walks below,
And these are they who, clothed in white,
Will walk with Him in realms of light
Through that long painless, wondrous day
When God has wiped all tears away!

1908

A MOTHER'S MEDITATION

"Can a woman forget her . . . child? . . . yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee."

SWEET infant, slumber on my soft, warm breast,
For thou art mine,
Sleep sweet and long, and take thy needed rest,
For I am thine ;—
Oh, that I could as safely, closely lie
Upon the breast of Him who lives on high !

I watch thee, darling, with a tender love,
For thou art dear,
My head bends fondly o'er thee from above,
For I am near ;—

Would I could know that thus my Saviour-Lord
Bends over me in love, to love afford!

I sing thee songs, my precious, songs of joy,
I thee adore,
Of pleasures deep and sweet, without alloy,
And evermore;—
Ah me, I wonder if the Christ doth sing
O'er me in joy, in spite of wandering!

And as I sing, I pray for thee, my child,
For I do long
That thou shalt be all kept, Christ's undefiled,
And brave and strong;—
Oh, that my Lord may ever pray for me,
That I be kept in His own sanctity.

Stir not, my child, I hold thee close and fast,
Rest sweetly on,

My strength is all for thee while strength shall last,
Till life is gone;—
Thus, would I rest, all free from life's alarms,
Held fast and safe in Everlasting Arms!

1908

A SHEPHERD SONG

"Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep."

JESUS, Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Thou who dost kind vigil keep,
While we wake and while we sleep,
May we dwell with Thee.

Do thou keep us from all harm,
Save us e'en from wild alarm,
Guard us by Thy mighty arm,
As we follow Thee.

Lead us forth to pastures new,
Do Thou fainting strength renew,
Be for e'er our Shepherd true,
While we walk with Thee.

When the new day has begun,
Through the hours of glaring sun,
Till the day is fully done,
Keep us close to Thee.

When the day is overpast,
When the night has come at last,
By Thy hand enfolded fast,
We would rest by Thee.

When we pass through death's dark vale,
When dread foes do us assail,
Let thy rod and staff prevail,
While we trust in Thee.

When we reach the heavenly land
And sweet joys 'fore us expand,
May we dwell beneath Thy hand,
Kept for e'er by Thee.

1908

A PARALLEL

"She laid Him in a manger." "To give light to them that sit in darkness."—"Until Christ be formed in you." "Christ in you, the hope of glory."

WITHIN the sky, a God who gave,
Below on earth, a stony cave,
Within the cave, a mother mild,
Beside her there, a new-born Child;—
And lo, a world of darkest night
Illumined with a radiant Light!

A throne of grace in heaven above,
Upon the throne, a God of love,
Below on earth, a heart of sin
And Christ, by faith, re-born within;—
And lo, a life of sinfulness
Turned into radiant holiness!

1908

HUMILITY

"God . . . giveth grace unto the humble."

THE WILD ROSE

(TO MY DAUGHTER HILDEGARDE, UPON HER EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.)

THREE roses bloomed in the garden bed,
One was all white and the others were red,
They were straight and tall, and were strangely rare
As they shed sweet fragrance upon the air,
And they grew and blossomed beneath the sun
Till the spring was past and the summer begun.

One day in the summer the gardener old
Came up from the pasture beyond the fold—
Where the sheep were kept and the cattle fed—
Till he stood near the house by the garden bed,
And he held in his hands a trailing vine
Which had grown in the woods—the eglantine.

The wild-rose trembled in stem and flower,
And, so frail was its leaf, that a single hour
From the shade of the wood had made it fade,
For its delicate branches had not been made
To grow and bloom near the haunts of men
But only in wooded and shadowy glen.

But the gardener placed it with tender care
In the soft, rich soil by the porch, just where
The shadows fell and the dews lay long,

And there he trailed its branches along
The trellis-work, where he bound them fast,
In the hope that the rose would revive and last.

And lo, 'neath the gardener's patient hand,
The vine took root and began to expand,
Twining long tendrils first here, then there,
And lifting its leaves and flowers in the air,
Till, at last, it stood, uplifted and tall,
The straightest and tallest and fairest of all.

'Twas a wonderful sight, this eglantine—
This rose transplanted in flower and vine—
As it clung to the porch and nodded its head
To the roses three in the garden bed,
And brightly smiled to the passers by,
With its flowers held up to the sunlit sky;

So winsome it was that, oft in a day,
The little children would stop in their play
And count its roses, a full eighteen,
When, standing off with a tender mien,
They would throw it kisses—both girls and boys—
While hushed was their careless laughter and noise ;

And sometimes a trav'ller in dusty road,
While wearily bearing some heavy load,
Would see, in passing, a flower's sweet face,
Blooming all fair in its delicate grace,
When, quickly uplifting his bowed-down head,
He would go on from thence with a buoyant tread ;

And once, it is said, a woman all wild,
With her eyes fast fixt on her fatherless child,

Who was hast'ning on to the river-bridge—
Which stood in the vale just over the ridge—
When she saw the rose, stopped short, with a moan,
And then turned back—transformed—to her home.

So the eglantine, through the summer long,
Brought joy to sad hearts, and righted their wrong,
Unconscious of all the blessing it brought
To lives with suff'ring and sorrow fraught;—
And none were more glad, when the summer had fled,
Than the roses three in the garden bed!

1908

LIGHT

"*In Him was life, and the life was the light of men.*"

(A WELL-KNOWN CHRISTIAN POET, SHORTLY BEFORE HE DIED, CRIED OUT: "I WANT THE BLINDS UP; I WANT TO SEE THE SKY AND THE LIGHT.")

LIGHT, give me light! the light of life is fading,
Let me see light, the light on land and sea,
Light, radiant light, the darkness all pervading,
That light that lightens all the world, and me.

Now, now I see the light o'er all resplendent;—
And yet its brightness shines not as of yore;
My soul cries out, upon bright light dependent;
Oh, for the light, and oh, for more and more!

Light has been mine through all the days of living,
Fair, beauteous light—through nature, home, and friends,
Life, long, glad life, its rich effulgence giving;—
But now it fades as my long journey ends.

Must life grow dark? Is there no light eternal?
ust moon and stars and sun all fade away?
Must the bright light of nature, sweet and vernal,
Give place at last to nature's cold decay?

Missing Page

Missing Page

The more I seek, the more is mystery;
The dark e'er deepens in intensity;
I yearn for wisdom, light, for these I cry,
They stand far off, not nigh.

I grasp at substance, and I find it air;
I place my foot on rock, and naught is there;
I think high thoughts, they turn to foolishness
And add to my distress.

E'en love is e'er imperfect here below;
The fondest hopes are often turned to woe;
At heart of sweetest joy lies secret pain,
And life is loss, not gain.

Yea, I have seen life's ideals pass away,
As passes into night some brightsome day,
'Till what is left is disappointment keen
For things which might have been.

I will not cease my quest, but this I see
There is no solving here of mystery;
I will pursue life's ideals, but I know
The best is not below.

Life, at its best, is brightness shadowed o'er;
Life, 'spite of life, lies ever on before;
Not here, but there in heaven, may hearts abide
For ever satisfied.

This, then, I've surely found—with God above
Is everlasting life, and light, and love;
And this, in spite of all that makes life sad—
This keeps me ever glad!

1908

RESURRECTION

"If a man die, shall he live again?" "The dead in Christ shall rise first."

TO A BUTTERFLY.

AND so thou hast burst forth from place of death,
Enshrouded as thou wast, thou beauteous thing;
Wast thou made suddenly by God's sweet breath,
With slender body and with radiant wing,
Out of dark nothingness,
This shadowy world to bless,

With seven-hued colours bright,
Like ray of glory-light?
Who could have thought on yesterday,
When thou didst lie like sodden clay,
That, in thy wrapped-up, dark cocoon,
There should have happened, and so soon,
This miracle of life and light?
As well imagine darksome night
Could suddenly be day!
What, goest thou away,
And higher up,
From buttercup,
To white rose on the lifted stem?
Thou lookest like a flashing gem
Held fast at snow-white throat; only thy wings
Do pulsate in the very joy of things,
And show thou art not dead, as once before,
E'er God had opened wide the fast-closed door

Which held thy radiance in—thou wondrous
thing,
Thou restless insect with the quivering wing!—
What, art thou not content
With thine environment?
Must leave the snow-white rose
To be the joy of those
Who, by their birth,
Love lower earth?
Dost fly to higher trees
Where hum the busy bees,
Seeking their honeyed dower
From newly bloss'ming flower?
There, weary insect, take thy rest,
And dip thy dark-hued, breathing breast
In the bright calyx where the fruit will be
When the same Hand hath wrought that
fashioned thee.
Now, thou dost glow with light;

No one could think that night
Once wrapped thee round
As one close-bound;
Thou dost with sunlight gleam
As if thou wert its beam,
Thyself the very light!—
What now? Another flight,
Still higher up? Wilt mount so high
That thou wilt touch the azure sky?
Where art thou now?—I only see
A faint-winged, throbbing flash of thee,
As thou art merged in seven-fold ray
Of the fair gleaming, glittering day:
Ah, thou art wholly gone;
Thou didst to heaven belong,
God made thee for the skies,
So thou didst heavenward rise:
Goodbye,
Bright butterfly;

I too, a worm, shall turn to clay,
But I shall follow thee one day,
Thou happy thing,
Thou radiant insect with the outspread wing!

1908

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